February 8, 1980 #127

RAM

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ROCK POLL RESULTS... Surprise wins! Shock losers!

JOE JACKSON
TALKING HEADS
FILMS...QUEEN
SPLIT ENZ
ELLEN FOLEY
KEITH RICHARDS

VIOLENCE

A VERY GOOD REASON FOR NEVER GOING TO ANOTHER ROCK CONCERT OR ANY OTHER CROWDED EVENT

RAM Letters
PO. Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010

Desperately he ran through the darkened streets, the cobblestones echoing to the boots of the pursuing mob - the long chase had worn down the guttural cries to hoarse pants. But the frontrunners were gaining on him steadily, the deadly weeks of cat-and-mouse negotiations had sapped his strength...where was this Resistance Movement? Suddenly, as he turned into an alley, a door opened. "Quick, in here," muttered a Shapeless Figure. "We had to make sure of you, Taylor. We have a boat waiting - and the documents are on it."

IS IT TRUE...?

You're supposed to be a rock mag (and you used to have a thing called 'Info City'), so how about sorting out some of the rumours I've been hearing?

Is it true that -

1. Roger Waters was admitted to a mental asylum soon after the release of *The Wall*.
2. Led Zeppelin are gunna break up.
3. Supertramp are gunna break up.
4. *Pop Muzik* didn't get to No. 1 in America.
5. Anna-Frid Lungstad is illegitimate and has illegitimate children of her own (shock, horror, scandal).
6. (Most worrying of all): That RAM has no pre-issue 78 homeless RAMs left.

Also one kick up the arse please for A.O'G. In his review of *The Wall* (RAM No. 125) he said that Nick Mason played keyboards and Richard Wright drums. OTHER WAY AROUND. Only a self-confessed daily wanker would make such a blunder. And if you don't print this letter I'll stop selling RAMs at our newsagent and I know you need the money.

A. Nonomoose

Hmm, he thought, the Movement's leaders are misleading the grassroots cadres. Imagine trying to fob them off with the old Confusion of the Faceless Pink Floyd line.

WHO COULD BE SO SLACK?

Just writing to say that the prick who threw the champagne bottle at Doc Neeson while the Angels were performing at the New Years Eve concert lived up to his name as a "PRICK". Who could be so slack? What fuckin' idiot would throw something at Doc Neeson or in fact, any one of the guys from the Angels? The same thing applies to the prick who threw the piece of masonite at the Angels' bass player. The Angels are a bloody good group and I'm sure that all Aussies out there would agree with me.

Sure, go ahead and throw bottles and cans at the boring farts that you get at concerts who call themselves performers such as Dave Warner and Marcia Hines, we can do without them, but I'm sure that thousands of Aussie rock fans can't do without the Angels and if pricks go around throwing bottles and beer cans there will be no great rock groups to play at concerts, for fear they will be hit just like Doc Neeson.

So prick if you are reading this how about you stop throwing bottles and especially at Doc Neeson and start sticking the bottles up you. I'm sure that Doc Neeson and the rest of the guys won't be asking you "Am I ever gonna see your face again", that's for sure.

Very concerned Angel freak

Dianne

St Marys

So, you reckon there's "good" violence and "bad" rock concert violence do you, creep. This issue's cover story is about you. - A.O'G.

SAMPLE: STANDARD RAVES

To stick with yet another Aussie tradition I will say the Angels are stuffed and couldn't play a song to save themselves! Yes, fellow Aussies, we did it when Skyhooks were tops, so knowing the land of opportunity's solid traditions, it won't be long before the "in thing" to say is "Angels are stuffed".

I see that they're going to America. What will it have in store for them - is it worthwhile coming back, people mightn't go to their gigs? Didn't the Hooks go to America? Didn't *Living In The '70s* stay in the charts well over a year? Didn't Skyhooks cause uproar and mass appeal? Yes Virginia, History does repeat itself.

Oh I can hear the heavenly masses on those ivory stairs (the punters and record buyers): "those new Angel songs just aren't as good as the old stuff". That's what they're saying.

My my, haven't they (Angels) changed, not like the good old days when you could talk to them as they threw fish at crowds of 50 or 60. Now success has created five Megalomaniacs. Ahh, but *Ego Is Not A Dirty Word*, is it?

My new year's resolution...to go back to Skyhooks where I can get a little piece of mind and some great music.

Recycled Skyhooker

Prahran

Surely this line had been put forward before...

UNCONCERNED

I read your January 11, 1980 special double issue of RAM and was deeply interested in the pages of letters referred to as "The Heroin Letters", which I also found distressing. And my sympathy (although probably not warranted), goes to the girl who refers to herself as Unconcerned Shooter. What I am going to write now I would very much like Unconcerned Shooter to read.

I guess I am just like all the other teenagers, wanting to fit in with the group, and doing anything to achieve this situation. A few people I know use drugs, but are not addicted, and I would like to try it, but fortunately haven't got enough guts to, especially not something as bad as Heroin. I wonder what Heroin's like? You have no idea that after reading your letters to RAM, that I couldn't help but feel immense suffering and pain as though all of this terrible nightmare was happening to me. My God, I must be terribly emotional; if it gave me pain, what must it have been like for you - I imagine pure agony. I would believe that drugs would be only useful for the enjoyment of escaping reality and finding a new world inside the mind. But when you get back to reality the world is still here and your problems have not gone away. Addiction surely robs you of all your senses, or so it may appear to your friends who have to tolerate seeing their best friend in this appalling state, especially when they know that when you're not stoned you are a great person. Don't you realise that you are hurting other people with your Heroin habit? If you don't want other people helping you, why don't you help yourself? You can achieve a great life if you only knew that your life is wasting away.

It is obvious that you need help, or you wouldn't have written to this magazine to express your view about the topic, and it's a start that you realise this yourself.

Many people have probably experienced the same situation over and over, of not being able to cope with school, or life in general, but to resort to drugs shows that you must be a weak person not being able to face up to the problems that confront people every day. of what use are you to anyone when you are drugged? One day you might go too far. I too have gone through the life at school and became very depressed with work because I couldn't cope anymore. I wasn't getting any satisfaction out of life, I didn't have a boyfriend, I was sick of school and the thought of working after I left. Now I have a boyfriend, I have a good job and I meet many people who care for one another. I don't need drugs or artificial stimulants, I just get naturally high being with people, it really is a great feeling, it's the same as drugs, but without the side effects and the weird feelings induced by drugs. Why don't you try it, you may like it.

I really feel sorry for you, and I know you don't like that sort of crap laid on you, but that's all I can say. And don't think that I am just saying this to you because if anyone else writes in asking for help I will be there to offer my help also. Please don't let the world's problems get you down. Think of people, you must miss the comfort of friends. I can accept that it is hard for you to give it up, and I know you are trying your best. But please, don't give up. I would and will gladly help in any way I can, even if it means only writing comforting words to you because everybody needs people to get through tough times and I'm sure I could help you, so please accept my help with good intentions. I have given my name and address to the Editor of RAM and hope he will send it on to you because he is supposed to have an address that he can contact you by. Please write soon.

Concerned teenager

MORE UNCONCERNED

I enjoyed your double issue much more than usual even though some pages I thought were a waste of space. However I took time to read Heroin Letters very carefully.

If Unconcerned Shooter had any sense she would know that drugs are not her thing. In each letter she writes, you can tell she wants to live, but is ready to give up anytime. She is unprepared to do something for herself, instead wanting other people to do it for her; if they don't, she gives up.

I am only 16 but I've had the works. Three years ago I would have agreed with her all the way, but I'm on Recovery Trial, second month, and after this I'm as straight as the next person.

I would dread the day, if I had to go through what you are now, again. Withdrawal seemed very cruel, hot and cold flushes, goosebumps etc, but in the long run it's worth it, and you don't have to worry about where your next fix is coming from. Can't you see you're free! No more hassles. And if you can't see that you ought to be where your boyfriend is now!

You want to live, and if you really cared, you would give yourself another chance and become one very *concerned* shooter.

Reply from Canberra

R.I.P. UNCONCERNED

Unconcerned Shooter is dead, so will you stop using her in your shock horror drug education show. You didn't send those hard hitting replies so why pretend? She got one, the one she referred to.

You were the ones offering help yet you dismissed her as a fool because she was common and unoriginal. You're full of more bullshit than she ever was.

A couple of fools who did care. The name and address she gave you weren't hers, for the sake of the person involved keep it to yourself. Strictest confidence was the phrase you used.

Those letters were sent; obviously they went astray. This is the postscript to the Heroin Letters we had been hoping would not happen. It's too late now to be placing blame, but you were there - why didn't you help her? - A.O'G & A.B.

THE RIGHT WING RISETH

In reply to Leytricia of Melbourne (RAM Dec 14): You hold a typical Oz view of music - narrow minded.

In Oz, discos play disco (ugh) music. In UK, a disco is a 'nightclub'. You go to one and hear disco (ugh) music. But if you know where to go you can hear heavy rock (the true music). Yes, heavy rock. That explains why Skyhooks are in the heavy metal chart at Powerhouse disco - it's a powerhouse rock venue.

Also, record companies etc, need revenue and profit. So why don't all you complaining left-wingers shut up.

The left wing, in the form of unions, helped to get that price.

Space Trucker

Perth

PS Nazareth are alive.

SYNDEY SKIRMISHES

A stage has been reached where gigs (in the city) are being arranged and put on in a "low profit" manner. This, as you can imagine, means work for small inner city bands which previously would've been unable to find work, but more importantly it seems that the barriers between venue managers, bands and their audiences are breaking down and a certain trust is developing.

But when I went to see The Particles and The Bedhogs play at Garibaldi's, I saw just how easily that relaxed atmosphere can be broken.

After The Particles had finished, The Bedhogs started to set up; but before they had a chance to play, three members of The R.A.F. (band, not the actual Armed Service) claimed that they had already booked that evening some weeks ago and by confusing The Bedhogs and the organisers, they managed to set up *their* equipment. Everyone was pissed off. No one wanted them to play, more so because of their attitude of "Musicans as elite". When I tried to talk to the Holier Than Thou Mr Proctor he told me they were the only band that actually deserved to play at all; he was so conceited about it that when I asked him how he would play without the PA, he said, "fine". So we took the PA away. I think they struck up a few bars, but gave in (to thunderous applause).

Mr Proctor and The R.A.F. ruined the gig for all, so be warned - next time you try to tell someone that their emancipation lies only in their leather jacket, I hope someone smashes your band up.

Yours thankfully

Sue Gratitude

Darlinghurst

This was serious - even the Cadets were fighting among themselves!

DEFENSE BRIGADE

Listen in Peter Miller (RAM Letters Ish No. 124) - The week your letter appeared, both RAM and another rock mag had articles on Marc Hunter. RAM correctly spelt Marc's Christian name on the cover, while the other paper spelt it thus - Mark Hunter. For an Australian magazine, supposedly supporting Australian talent, this mag is making a fool of itself.

Anthony O'Grady does not produce trashy, low quality journalism. Correct me if I'm wrong, Anthony, but last year you won the Journalist Award at the Aust. Rock Awards (and rightfully so). Being a Sandgroper, I thoroughly enjoyed O'Grady's article earlier this year on Dave Warner. If that is trashy, low quality journalism, then I dare Peter Miller to show me high quality journalism.

RAM has done more to support Australian artists than Molly Meldrum. And they don't ban articles from appearing in their pages. Furthermore, the free records offered in RAM have been excellent value for money (they introduced me to Ian Dury and Elvis Costello), as well as being collector's items. Thank you Anthony, Annie, and every journalist or photographer who has contributed to your magazine over the years. You have my whole-hearted support.

Brady Millett

President

RAM Fan Club

Stirling stuff. It appeared the movement was in safe hands.

Was it for these that he had risked his life on this assignment? Were these to be the spark for a Revolutionary RAM Letters Page? Steady old man, he thought, as a vast chasm of distrust and remorse loomed before him: maybe it's in code.

D/RT

McCartney & wife express sophisticated opinion of Japanese drug laws.

McCARTNEY RACKS UP THIRD DRUG BUST

Paul McCartney scored his third drug bust last week, in Tokyo. McCartney and Wings had flown into Japan for a series of concerts, before crowds of over 100,000, but as the group were passing through customs just over seven ounces of marijuana were found in McCartney's baggage.

Japan, of all Asian countries, has some of the harshest laws against soft and hard drugs. McCartney, at RAM press time, had yet to be questioned or formally charged, but under Japanese law he faces five to seven years gaol or deportation, if found guilty.

Rock world personalities found it hard to believe that McCartney, one of the rock biz's most intelligent and astute businessmen could be so stupid as to have carried marijuana in his own luggage. They point out that McCartney owns one of the most presitigious and profitable music publishing houses in the world, and is not the sort of person to risk his business reputation with a foolish bust. Initial speculation after McCartney's arrest, therefore, suggested that he had been "set up". On the other hand, McCartney's career has been dotted with equally foolish drug busts. On an initial Continental tour with Wings he was busted for grass in Sweden, on August 10 1972. The following year he was found growing pot in his Argyllshire greenhouse and copped a $250 fine.

In 1975 he was refused a visa to tour Japan because of his previous drug busts; the ban kept him out of Japan for a total of five years. He was also refused a tour visa for America in 1973, a ban eventually lifted in November of that year.

McCartney's career, overall, is liberally dotted with references to ganga. In 1970, he confessed in an interview that he and the rest of The Beatles had popped into a Buckingham Palace loo for a quick joint "to calm their nerves", before receiving their MBEs. In 1972 his single *Hi Hi Hi* was banned by the BBC as a "drug-related" song. After his '73 bust in the UK McCartney told the press: "I don't think it (*ie grass*) is dangerous. It should be like homosexuality - legal amongst consenting adults. But the magistrate was sweet." Here's hoping for an understanding magistrate in Tokyo.

ELLEN FOLEY NIGHTOUTS IN FEB? RAY DAVIES ARRIVES

Luscious **Ellen Foley** currently riding high in Oz with the *Nightout* LP was due to visit Oz for a promo tour in late January. She's now postponed for a month, to investigate the possibility of an actual tour, incorporating *Nighout*'s producers, **Ian Hunter** and **Mick Ronson** in the band. But **Ray Davies** of **The Kinks** is definitely scheduled to arrive on Jan 30 for a promo tour to pave the way for a full-scale **Kinks Invasion** later in the year. (*Meet Ellen Foley in Rockarama section this ish*).

POLICE TOUR OZ IN MARCH

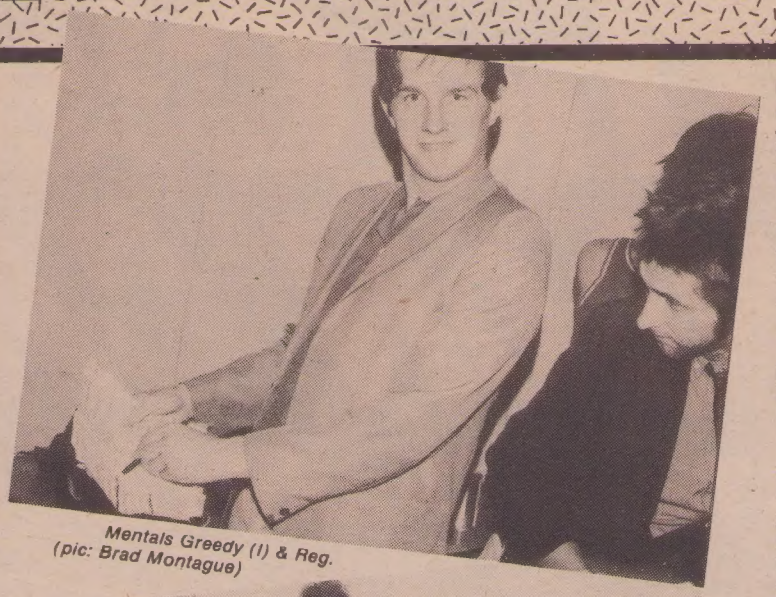
The Police now fully confirmed to tour Oz starting **March 5**. The three-piece group are currently the hottest new English group in the world today, and have just scored a runaway victory in the RAM Rock Poll as **Best New International Band**. (*See Poll Results this issue*). Special guests on the tour will be **The Radiators**. The Police currently also have the fastest moving album on the Australian charts, with *Regatta de Blanc*, their second LP, jumping from 13 to 6 on the RAM National Top 40 this week.

US COUNTRY LEGENDS IN OZ

It's legend time again - **Slim Whitman, Don Everly** and **George Hamilton IV** are in Oz, in Feb, for one concert only in Melbourne, Brisbane and Sydney. **Slim Whitman** is on his third visit to Oz. He still holds the all time singles record in England, 11 straight weeks at No. 1. This will be **Don Everly**'s first trip here without brother **Phil**, and it's the first time round for **George Hamilton IV**.

CBS GEAR UP FOR LOCAL PUSH?

CBS Australia shaping up in new form under leadership of new nabob **Paul Russell** who, at a cocktail party thrown in his home for a coterie of rock writers and assorted biz people, (*a Record Co managing director inviting rock writers into his home???*) announced Australia was the best place in the world to develop and sign new bands for a world market. **Mi-Sex** and, before that, **Dragon** are CBS' biggest previous successes in the local market, but the early '80s, Paul Russell seems to suggest, will see CBS launch an aggressive search for new groups with marketing potential. Joining an expanded local A&R Dept in CBS are **Nigel Saniford**, previously with Polygram, and **Robyn Rintoul** from Melbourne.



Mentals Greedy (l) & Reg. (pic: Brad Montague)

Flowers Lloyd, Welsh, Davies & Hall (left to right).

Dirty Pool and **Regular Records** did a swapsie last week when Dirty Pool took **Mental As Anything** into their management/booking agency stable, and Mental's manager **Jeremy Fabyini** moved his business operation into the Dirty Pool building. Five days later Regular Records were able to announce they'd won the recording contract on hot, young Dirty Pool act, **Flowers**. "It's a new signing for both companies," says Dirty Pool director **Ray Hearn** carefully. "It doesn't mean, or shouldn't be construed as, Dirty Pool and Regular Records joining forces or merging."

The Eagles, Linda Ronstadt and **Chicago** are joining forces to do a benefit for Linda's old beau, Presidential candidate **Jerry Brown**. Linda and The Eagles also did it for Jerry when he was running for Californian Governor. And, of course, **President Carter** had the help of the Capricorn stable of stars (**Allman Bros**, etc) when *he* was running for President. To add to the international conspiracy, **Ian Meldrum** has made an appearance at a Liberal Party function in Oz, lecturing the nabobs on how to appeal to the pop generation. The question is, is rock and pop now a prime political force, or is politics finally recognising its natural level of banality? At RAM, we say *Nyet* to both choices and cast our vote for the Passive Anarchists Party.

Bowiephile D J Fletcher, snapped completing pilrimage to Berlin Wall.

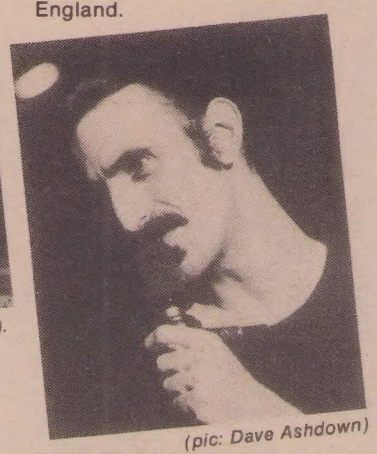
David Bowie and **Mick Jagger** spent Christmas in New York together...chaperoned by Mick's girlfriend, **Jerry Hall**, of course. We hope Mick hid his *shoes*, following his Bowie quote of a few years back that, "David would steal the shoes off your feet, if he thought he could use them in his next show." Talking of **Bowie** though, the world's first Bowie Convention called **The 1980 Floor Show** (aka **Bowiecon I**) will be held in Chicago around September this year. The convention will be directed by one **D.J. Fletcher** who envisages about 5,000 fans turning up. Fletcher, a doctor of preventive medicine, says the preventive medicine that got him through med school was frequent doses of Bowie. The convention will feature Bowie films, clips, music, memorabilia and a few "big surprises".

Bowie, meanwhile, will be undertaking a 1980 world tour that *isn't* scheduled to include Oz at this stage. *Whew!* That does us for Dave, this ish. You want more? Well write to **Kim Amore** at the **David Bowie Appreciation Society, 34 Tennyson St. Winston Hills, NSW 2153.**

Elvis Costello has completed a new album,but no release date yet. The hold up stems from Elvis' previous record label **Radar** being taken over by its previous distributor **WEA**. Elvis is said to be currently trying to decide whether to stay with **WEA**, or look for a new deal.Either way,he's looking for more money.

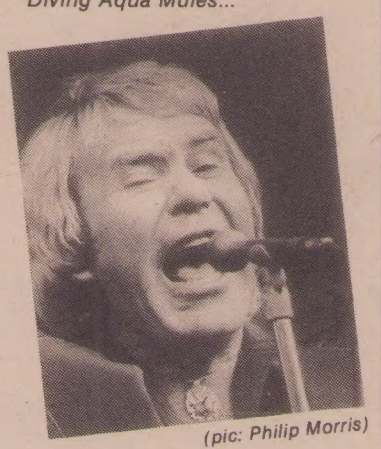
East Germany has just caught up with **The Village People**'s *In The Navy*. They describe it as *"an example of musicians seeking to direct attention to the right wing political power groups in an attempt to amass consciousness in favour of* **capitalistic powers.**" Which means they don't like it, we guess. But then neither did the **US Navy** which said the song's *"homosexual connotations"* were bad for their image.

Rockpile having left their mark in Oz (*see Poll results this ish*) now gearing up to tour England.



(pic: Dave Ashdown)

Frank Zappa wanted a mule (called Lucy) to climb a 44 foot ramp and leap into a tank of water below. The scene, says Frank, is integral to his up-coming movie, *Baby Snakes*. Lucy refused to do it, as any self respecting mule would. Even if she does belong to a company called *The High Diving Aqua Mules*...



(pic: Philip Morris)

Among the three or four currently planned movie tributes to **Johnny O'Keefe**, the one most set to go seems to be the **Reg Grundy** production, with LRB's **Glen Shorrock** in the lead role. Also under consideration to play JO'K in another production is ex-Ol' 55 lead singer, **Frankie J. Holden**.

(pic: K O'B)

The Angels currently investigating their legal position following the fracas on New Years Eve 1979 where bassist Chris Bailey and singer Doc Neeson were clobbered.

The Clash
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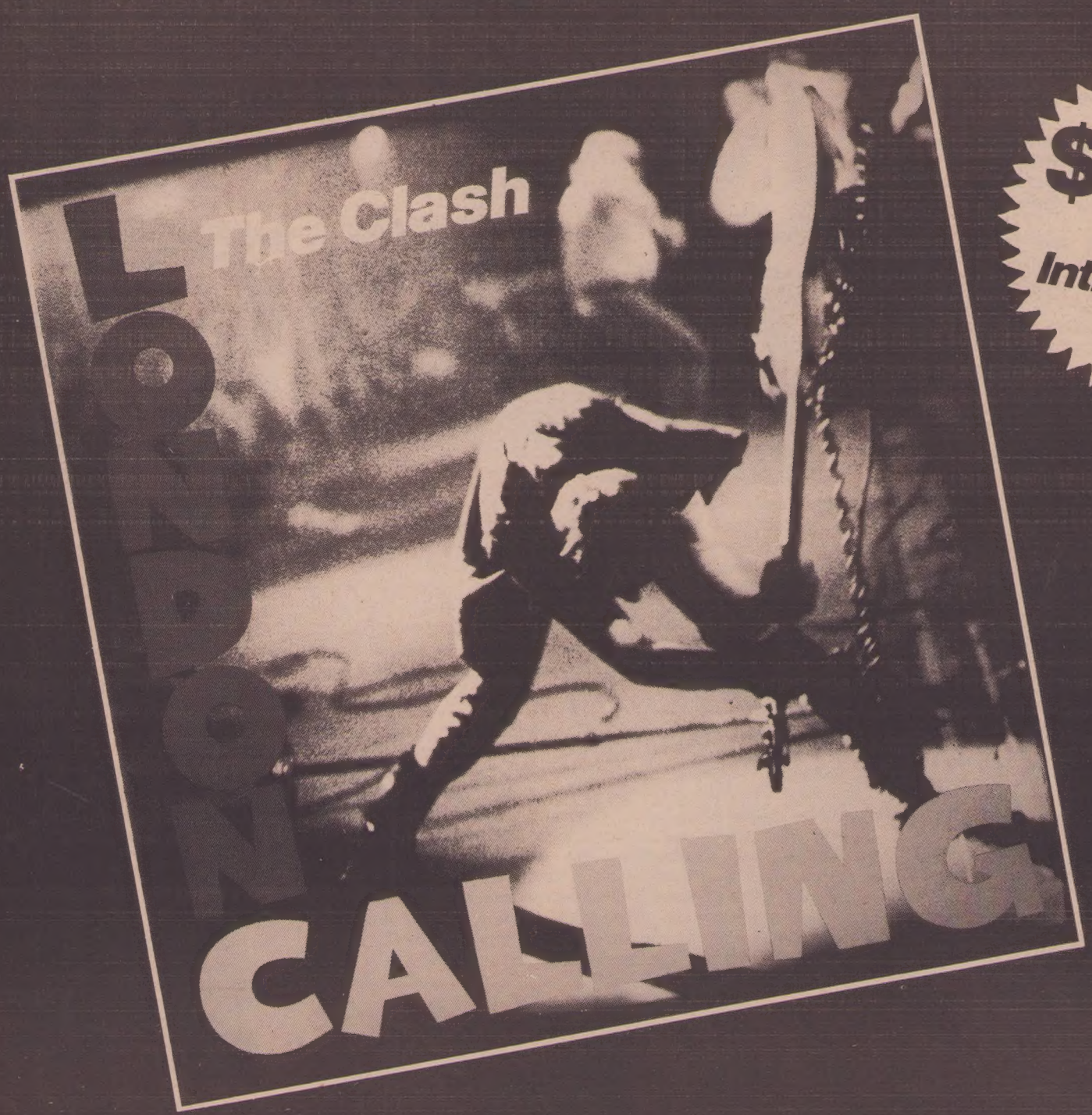

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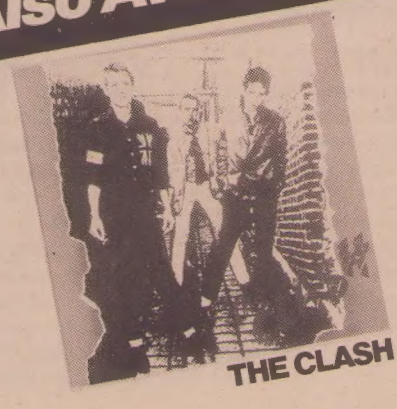

THE CLASH

GIVE 'EM ENOUGH ROPE
Among *TIME Magazine's* top ten albums of the 70's.

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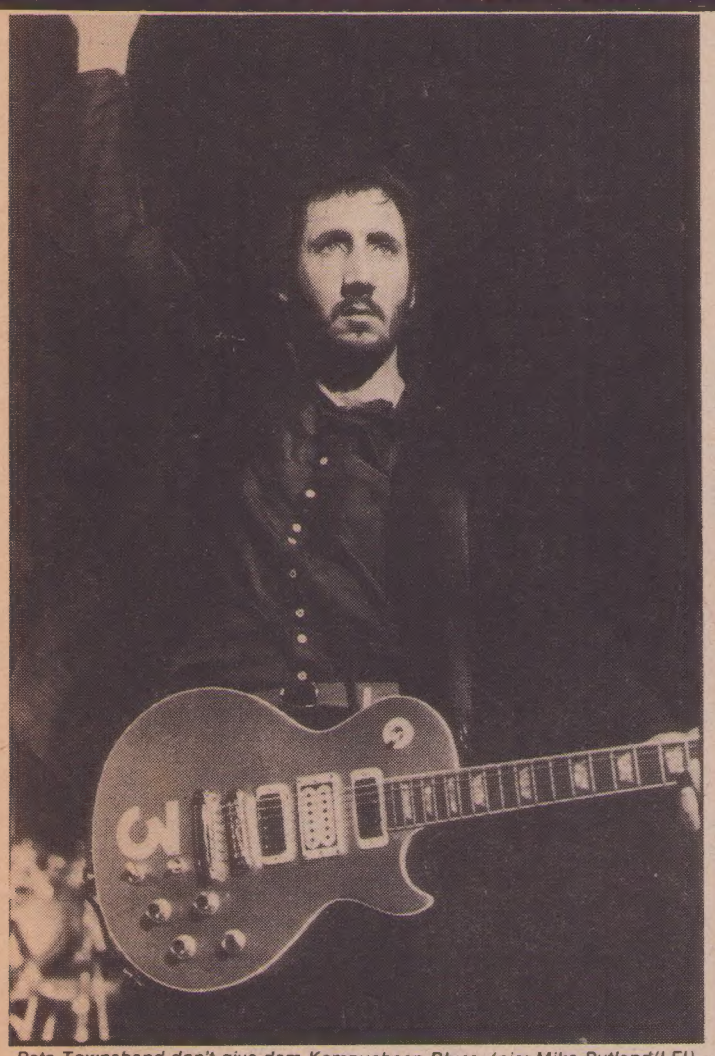
D/RT

Radiators & co. for O.S.



Pete Townshend don't give dem Kampuchean Blues. (pic: Mike Putland/LFI)

Steve Gilpin in Mi-Sex platinum record receiving position. (pic: Mark Green)

Blondie adding extra dates on current British tour. After England and Europe, there's a possibility of Australian dates...

Radiators now in New York mixing first album with Oz producer **Charles Fisher**. The Rads could then do a series of gigs in New York, LA, London and Europe before returning to Oz to promote the LP and be special guests on **The Police** tour. Producer Charles Fisher has announced plans to move to America to work.

Sports recorded two trax for new album in Melbourne with American producer **Eddie Leonetti**. Album tentatively titled *Sudden*, is scheduled to be finished in England with **Pete Solley** who worked with the group on *Don't Throw Stones*. Also out of Sports are drummer Paul Hitchens and keyboard player Jimmy Niven. The new line up will be without keyboards.

Richard Iee, now ex-Dragon, setting up a management agency and doing a little session work.

Mi-Sex have achieved platinum for their *Graffiti Crimes* album...**Michael Jackson** gets his first solo gold single in Oz for *Don't Stop Till You Get Enough*.

Some Australian venues and bands could do with **Rob Rozelle's** Clapper, an applause simulator that can make a crowd of 20 sound like a full house...

Bette Midler currently putting finishing touches to her autobiography *A View From A Broad*...

Rose Tattoo left for a few months sojourn in America last fortnight. They've taken tapes of their new album with 'em. **Lobby Lloyde**, who produced the thing and now plays bass with The Tatts, says the record is "a vastly interesting" change of direction from the first LP. The band will be seeing record companies in America before placing the album in Oz.

Bassist **Noel Redding** still chasing the $3 million he says is still owing to him from his **Jimi Hendrix Experience** days. He's been chasing it for over five years, but now, he says, his dealings with some of the moneymen involved require him to sleep with a loaded shotgun near his bed.

Jefferson starship drummer **Aynsley Dunbar** and singer **Eddie Money** found brawling in a San Francisco nightclub, after a stranger tried to pick up Aynsley's girlfriend.

Jimmy and The Boys rumoured to be breaking up after current tour. Keyboards player **Joylene Hairmouth** is believed to be splitting, while **Iggy Jones** will retain the name and form a new outfit.

Pete Townshend opening The Who's show at Hammersmith Odeon in support of Kampuchea, quoth to the crowd "Well you little fuckers, aren't you glad you're here instead of in poxy Kampuchea." The Who then went on to hand in the best received set of a week that also featured **Paul McCartney, Queen, Ian Dury, The Clash** and **Elvis Costello**. Talking of **The Who** , they're currently involved in a multi-million dollar law suit from an 18-yr-old who was injured in the Cincinnati Crush late last year which killed 11. While we're on the subject, anyone seen one of those **"I'VE GOT A CRUSH ON THE WHO"** badges around town?

The Tony Sanchez scandal book on the **Rolling Stones**, *Up And Down With The Rolling Stones* has been snapped up for film rights by the giant **William Morris Agency** in America. Sanchez, a former Stones bodyguard, was particularly vitriolic about **Jagger** and **Richards'** roles in events leading to **Brian Jones'** death.

Britt Eckland about to release a first album. She's not noted as a singer, but the album will be a picture disc, featuring a naked Britt.

Christie Allen's *Goosebumps* now the biggest selling single from **Mushroom Records**, beating the previous champ, **Skyhooks'** *Horror Movie*.

Swanee back in the studio to re-record their debut album after a series of line up changes, including the addition of a new guitarist.

Jethro Tull's Ian Anderson hit in the eye with a thorn after an enthusiastic fan threw him a rose on stage in New York. Well, beats beer cans, we guess...

It's a wild old town in Melbourne. Especially if you read *The Truth*. First there was **Bongo Starkey**'s rampage through the office of agent **Frank Stivala**. The Bong put an axe through Frank's desk after a Skyhooks gig blew out. Then there was **Jimmy Barnes** running up to the VIP section at the **Bombay Rock**, screaming abuse at the trendies of the rock world, flashing brown eyes, while not missing a verse of Chisel's version of *Wild Thing*.

What's this about **Rumour** guitarist **Brinsley Schwartz** offering to be a guitar roadie for **Geoff Burstin** of **Jo Jo Zep & The Falcons**, when that band goes overseas?

Little Ashley And The Incurables, hot new band in Sydney, currently taking wild music and demented stage presence to **Melbourne** for first inter-state tour.

The Sherbs currently rehearsing new stage presence and songs in country town Singleton before embarking on Feb tour.

While we were telling you about **Flowers** signing to **Regular Records**, did we also mention ace guitarist **Dennis Wilson** is also a new signing to the label? No?

Sydney band, **The Shots**, have a neat way to expend more vinyl, for under half the price. They've just released *Arfanalbum - Feracupplabux*, a one-sided album, for just $2.00.

Elton John trying to re-form *Yellow Brick Road* band of **Dee Murray, Nigel Olsson** and **Davey Johnstone**. He's also writing with **Bernie Taupin** again. One problem, **Nigel Olsson** is currently facing Drunk Driving charges in Atlanta.

international tourists

Slim Whitman, Don Everly and George Hamilton IV
February
12 Festival Hall, Melbourne
13 Fesival Hall, Brisbane
14 Capitol Theatre, Sydney

Fleetwood Mac
February
22 Perth Entertainment Centre
25 Adelaide Apollo Theatre
27,28 Sydney Hordern Pavilion
March
1,2 Melbourne Festival Hall
6 Brisbane Festival Hall

CAN'T GET YOUR NUMBER

COMMENCES JAN. 31

SYDNEY
HOYTS ENTERTAINMENT CENTRE
ROXY PARRAMATTA

MELBOURNE
HOYTS CINEMA CENTRE

AND THE END OF FEBRUARY AT HOYTS THEATRES:
BRISBANE, ADELAIDE, PERTH

BOOKS

AT LAST! The authorised Keef memoirs

The Rolling Stones have already been the subject of too many books.

The '70s alone have witnessed the publication of at least a good baker's dozen. There's been fanciful speculation on the band, half-arsed scandal sheet volumes on Mick Jagger, at least two books on just one of the five or six tours the band have undertaken over the past decade, a Music Sales tome filled with a separate book's worth of chapters to spice up the sheet music quota, and a semi-authorised collaboration between photographer Annie Liebovitz and Terry Southern on the group's '75 US tour.

The latter publication was, as I said, blessed with a half-hearted 'authorisation' gratis a foreword scribbled by Jagger himself. Ms. Charone's *Keith Richards - The Aurthorised Biography* is an altogether more impressive 'coup', only because she has hung in there with a tenacity that matched the Stones' classic reputation for ruthlessness when it comes to casually hurling former acquaintances aside when they become a touch irritating.

Some claim Richards granted journalist Charone the rights to open an authorised biography because of his concern that a jail sentence loomed large and he wanted his life story put down before the cell door slammed. Others reckon Richards used Charone's enamoured prose to counter the embellished half-truths that his ex-right hand man, Tony Sanchez, was concocting in order to blacken the Stone's name. Others felt that Richards liked Charone, trusted her and was quite flattered to have a book written about him instead of Mick Jagger. Whatever the reasons, *Keith Richards* provides endless access to everyone from Richards' mother, Andrew Oldham, Ian Stewart, all the Stones, early engineers, early tour managers, publicists, friends, co-workers, confidants, even Muddy Waters and Chuck Berry.

Charone dashes all fears of those who reckoned the book would be a lengthy splurge of sycophancy by hitting the reader straight in the gut with a realistic insight into Richards' and Pallenberg's constant fighting, the latter's hysterical outburst bordering on clinical insanity, while Richards' numb, junked-out condition makes him seem like a zombie.

This is *not* pleasant reading and Charone's vivid detailing of the volatile atmosphere at the Richards home grants anyone even vaguely enamoured of the gent's style of wasted elegance a fierce collision with the real character behind the scarves, gaunt cheekbones and reputation for 'keeping it together maaan' for days and nights on end.

Indeed, the first chapter - detailing the week spent at Redlands just preceding the pair's ill-starred trek to Toronto and the subsequent bust - is by far the best chapter in the book.

From there on out, it's fairly straightforward. Richards' and the Stones' history is dealt with, using a bulging reservoir of quotes from crucial figures in all areas, to the point where long-trampled ground is reploughed but with a more personalised focus. Charone grants Richards immeasurable space for his own vivid recollections whilst making sure that a figure remarked upon gets his or her side of the story told as well even if the bias tends inevitably to fall on Richards' side.

Brian Jones, for example, is viewed with contempt by Keith, so Charone helps reinforce the image.

Easily the book's greatest slice of uncensored candour is Charone taking down at length all Richards' slights of Jagger. Jagger, according to Richards, "treats women like cattle", a statement that tracks from *Aftermath* only too, willingly bear through, although anyone mostly responsible for the lyrics to a song as exquisitely affecting as *Wild Horses* could hardly be envisaged holding a branding iron as an endless trail of submissive females pass on by. In fact Jagger is all too often bombarded with belittling remarks from Richards or the odd disparaging observation from Charone herself.

But, although the book tries to go for the proverbial 'big picture' by talking to enormous numbers of people involved, the fact remains that Richards, as far as Charone is concerned, *is* the Rolling Stones (she states so on page 5) and there lies the problem. Give or take the occasional forgiveable transgression, Richards is always right and to claim that he *is* the Rolling Stones is pure, blind stupidity. The interplay between Jagger and Richards with Charlie Watts' drumming, Wyman's bass and a second lead guitar *is* the Rolling Stones. Nothing less.

Similarly, although Charone and Richards take great pains to deny the latter's reputation for consciously parading his former long-term narcotic use as a great image conceit, the fact remains that more is written about heroin in this authorised biography than there is basic technical reporting about Richards' guitar playing style, about how he constructs a song, about how he discovered the open tuning that became a trademark of his rhythm work. (Although, grant her some credibility, Charone did try to interview Ry Cooder, the man who once claimed that Richards stole the classic *Honky Tonk Women* riff from him, only to be rebuffed due to Cooder's defiant refusal to discuss any topic about the Stones whatsoever).

Meanwhile Richards' rap about heroin usage is, frankly, facile. His view, despite the obligatory "It does you no good" claim, is contradicted by remorseless barrages of verbiage, stating how he, Richards, can handle the drug because of the strength of his metabolism. This may be true, it may also be a display of perverse heavy doper machismo, but it *is* inevitably irresponsible.

After a fearsome first chapter in which she looks as though she's hit the perfect balance by capturing the sordid existence involved in being one of rock's few truly charismatic figures, Charone half-heartedly lets others try to capture the Keith Richards behind the ghoulish mask, whilst only ending up applying further panstick touches to the mask herself.

Finally, after page upon page of interesting facts worthy of any Stones fan's attention, she won't dig too deep, she appears afraid to penetrate the facade. Instead, she contents herself with dabbing on further paintwork, with backing up one-dimensional perceptions. There's Keith "the mischievous schoolboy" (a term Charlie Watts refers to which Charone picks up on and plugs relentlessly), Keith the Human Riff, Keith the forever young, forever face-to-face with doom but never yielding force, Keith the compassionate family man, Keith *the* Rolling Stone and *the* very epitome of rock'n'roll.

But in fact the man is only Keith Richards, nervous, twitchy, a man locked within a world of sychophants, full of people one can never trust, full of characters desperate for just a taste of Jagger & Richards' very own 'glimmer'.

Nick Kent

Before Mick Ronson taught me to say 'Sex, Passion & Rock'n'Roll', I was just Ellen Foley, Nebraska librarian.
(pic: Simon Fowler/LFI)

THE UNLIKELY SAGA OF ELLEN FOLEY

The ads that came out in the US and and "Who the hell is Ellen Foley?"

It was a good question. The picture on the ad showed that she was blonde and cute. If you listened to her album *Nightout* you would have discovered that she had a fair mid-'60s voice with touches of Springsteen, The Shangri-Las and even Dusty Springfield. The album was produced, arranged and pretty well played all over by Ian Hunter and Mick Ronson, and by way of an extra plus, there were also a brace of songs by the elusive British near-legendary songwriter/performer Philip Rambow.

It all added up to sufficient reason to make the cab ride to West 89th Street to find out once and for all who Ellen Foley was and what she was doing in this kind of company. Could it be that glamflash veterans never die, they just roll on by proxy with a cute, big eyed blonde to front for them?

The real live Ellen Foley that answered the door was very blonde, very big eyed, but certainly no Barbie Doll. There was a professional determination about her which made it clear she's no one's manipulated puppet. This is no chanteuse plucked from the typing pool by a Svengali with dollar signs in his eyes and sexism in his heart. Ellen Foley is pretty much in control of her own destiny.

In other words, she is in there with the best of them, doing what it takes to carve out a foothold in the wonderful world of rock and roll. This started as long ago as 1972. It was eclectic kind of carving, more Judy Galand show-biz than strict rock and roll. There was some singing in small-time bands, but there was also off-Broadway acting, TV walk-ons and the odd soap opera ("I played a mental reject nurses' aide"). There was even a revival of *Hair* and the *Hair* movie.

Are these really the credentials of an aspiring rock star? If you subscribe to the school of thought that the only route for a rock and roller is the bar band and the battered truck, then they definitely aren't. But even if you take the broader view that just about anything is grist to the rock and roll mill, then Ms Foley's first break has to be unique.

It came while she was touring with the *National Lampoon* stage show, a spin off from the popular and verging-on-gross US satire magazine, which also starred Meatloaf, prior to his incarnation as the world's most outsized rock star.

"The *Lampoon* show was kind of sexist. I suppose you could say I was the token woman. I did one sketch that was Patty Hearst in jail. I had a song called *Born To Gun*. I also did a character called Rhoda Tyler-Moore, a composite soap opera heroine. She was blind."

Blind?

"Blind. Meatloaf played her boyfriend who kept doing these disgusting things to her. He'd come up behind her like a mugger and then attack her like a dog. I guess you could say that I was victimised all the way to the bank."

The hook-up with Meatloaf led to Ms Foley contributing the female vocals to the *Bat Out Of Hell* album, particularly the drag out, call and response on *Paradise By The Dashboard Light*, where she delivered the classic turnaround line, *"What's it gonna be, boy...yes or no?"*

After the success of *Bat Out Of Hell*, the logical move was for Ellen to join the Meatloaf roadshow, an option she declined.

The split was amicable, but it did produce a certain amount of ironic confusion, not the least of which was a widely shown promo film of Meatloaf doing *Paradise By The Dashboard Light* in which Ellen Foley's voice is coming out of replacement Carla DeVito's mouth.

The next move was to take almost a year, with the support of record company and management, sorting out, writing and hunting down material. A fortuitous meeting with Hunter and Ronson brought them into the picture as producers: "Ian had heard the stuff that I'd done. It had this dramatic quality to it that he liked, and it kind of went on from there."

Another chance contact was with Philip Rambow: "I was working with Mick doing some pre-production. Rambow had been in Jamaica and was on his way back to London. He stopped by to see Mick and played us some of his songs."

Two of these *Nightout* and *Young Lust*, made it into the final selection for the album.

Right at this moment, Ellen Foley is in an enviable position. Her album is out, she's ready to go on the road with a band already run in and house trained by Hunter and Ronson. She has the finance and support to turn her creative dream into reality, and she doesn't shy away from the obvious sex appeal in her voice and presentation.

"Rock and roll," she says, "is very much about sex and passion and romance. I also think my voice is as strong as my sexual act. If I thought I was just there as a physical prop, I wouldn't be doing it.

"If I can sing a song like *Stupid Girl* on the album then I'm laughing at everybody's vanities and hopefully breaking down the idea of the male/female problems there are supposed to be."

Although Ellen Foley is in an enviable situation and isn't still beating her head against the company door, begging for a break, she seems aware that she has still to produce that elusive something that separates success from nothing-at-all in the rock business.

While talking about Philip Rambow, she happened to remark that maybe his angst had given him inspiration. The obvious question was, did she think the same applied to her?

"Maybe not enough."

When the preparations have all been made and you take the show on the road, as Ellen is rumoured to be doing in Oz in late February (see Dirt for details), that's the time when you really find out if your inspiration is also a saleable commodity.

Mick Farren

Thoughtful Jello Biafra, head Dead Kennedy.

THE DEAD KENNEDYS? What's in a name anyway?

Jello Biafra, bizarre frontman of The Dead Kennedys and figurehead of America's aspiring West Coast punk scene, digs into a taco de luxe.

The scene is a shady burrito joint in the Mexican quarter of San Francisco, a tumbledown part of town that sees more violence in a week than fleas on a bull's back. A table of mean-looking locals stare inquisitively as Biafra and I rap into a cassette about corruption and politics in this fair city. Biafra likes to live dangerously.

Choosing a name like The Dead Kennedys in America is a step in the right direction if you want to wake up at the bottom of some lake with boots of concrete. And Biafra makes no bones about numerous death threats from outraged supporters of Teddy Kennedy and militant rednecks out to crush any form of youthful rebellion.

So to start the ball rolling, I ask him why the band chose their outrageous name. (*Great rock'n'roll interview question no. 45 - ed*)

"Well, some friends of mine in my hometown in Colorado thought up the name but didn't have the guts to use it and were glad when we finally came along and took it."

The band's nerves were tested at one of their first gigs, at the Rat Club in Boston, Massachusetts - hardcore Kennedy country.

"Advertising had been a total black-out but still we got 250 people, which was unheard of at this place, and we couldn't work out why until we came on stage.

"It was a free-for-all, one of the wildest nights of my life. People were throwing glasses at us, we were throwing them back, a couple of people threw chairs, I threw them back too and in the end there was a mass of bodies wrestling on the floor. After the show, one of the bouncers came up and told me 'If I hadn't been working outside, I'd have beaten the fuck out of you. This is Boston, this is a tough town, and we don't take this sort of shit'."

At a more recent gig, supporting The Clash in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park, I watched Biafra leap into the audience in a frenzy to have his trousers and underpants ripped from his person by fans.

The Dead Kennedys play hard and dirty with a rough'n'ready attitude that get San Francisco punk audiences wild with excitement. But their effect on the rest of the States remains to be seen - especially among the cooler, more reserved New Yorkers who Biafra says "just stand around and criticise all evening."

Unknown to most of his hardcore punk fans, Biafra is a quiet thoughtful character whose Mr Hyde alter-ego only comes to the fore when The Dead Kennedys are in action. Coming from humble stock in middle America, Biafra spent most of his adolescence as a reclusive but avid record collector. In fact, he saved up enough money to come to England two years ago solely for the purpose of tracking down elusive albums for his 3,000 strong collection.

Inspired by the new wave *coup d'etat* in the UK, Biafra began to work out ideas for songs and found bass player Klaus Fluoride, guitarist Ray Valium and drummer Ted. They played their first gig as The Dead Kennedys at the celebrated fleapit the Mabuhay Gardens in July 1978.

"People came purely for the name (*a brilliant piece of self-publicity*) and saw that here was finally an outlet for all their perverted fantasies, so we got a fairly large following from the beginning."

But the name had deeper significance than purely as an attention grabber.

"I liked the name for several reasons," adds Biafra. "We were a political band who are anti-apathy. America's a very apathetic country right now. There's a phrase coined by Tom Wolfe called the Me-Generation and that sums up Americans. They're very self-centred, they don't care about anybody else and they complain about things but don't really want to change them.

"This attitude began to form after the first Kennedy assassination and the Vietnam War. The second Kennedy assassination and Watergate brought it out even more. The death of John Kennedy was also the death of the American Dream, something which a lot of people in this country refuse to acknowledge has happened. The name is also a slap in the face of a religion that needs to have its face slapped."

But the name is not the only medium Biafra has used to expose America's and especially San Francisco's questionable politics. The assassination of Frisco's gay sympathiser mayor last year and the subsequent release of his ex-cop murderer this year only goes to show that the city stinks of corruption.

But what can a poor boy do, 'cept sing in a rock'n'roll band?

Jello Biafra openly railed against the civil servants and their town hall peers by standing for mayor in November with an explosive list of proposals - two of which required all businessmen to wear clown suits and banned all motor vehicles except buses from the town.

He clearly won the support of a lot of people, coming fourth out of ten.

Mike Baess

CAN'T PUT IT IN WRITING

Mr Braithwaite, shown in the rumpled jammies look he favours for outer fringe wear.

Say goodbye to Sherbet Tread the Highway no more Say hi to The Sherbs Here's Dazza with the score

On the cover of his latest solo album, *Out On The Fringe*, the impression Daryl Braithwaite gives is of someone at the end of his tether, staring frantically out of an environment of sterile, regimented concrete and steel that portends a drastically more difficult time ahead, an austerity that has overwhelmed the sort of lyrical romanticism which we came to expect in the halcyon days of Sherbet. You see him pressing his fingers to his brows and it looks like he is screaming. It looks like the '80s will be just too much for him. But you're wrong. Turn to the back cover and the image is altogether more serene, as if Braithwaite has come to terms with it all, and, wires pulled out and dangling around him, he is leaning back, a picture of determination. The glossy colour shot inside reinforces the determination and you know there is still fight left in this particular fallen idol. Gone is the satin, replaced by an ill-fitting black t-shirt and a haircut that defiantly reaffirms the existence of his ears. The cover is starkly black and white. The idea seems to be that Daryl Braithwaite has been through a traumatic period *"out on the fringe"* and has come through.

"Out on the fringe
Ain't no heroes anymore
Out on the fringe, come on people
There's no place left for us to go..."
(Out On The Fringe)

If one looks back over the last 18 months at the declining fortunes of both Braithwaite and the rest of the Sherbs, though Braithwaite's solo efforts have faired better than Sherbet/Highway/Sherbs projects, small wonder that Daryl is wearing such a pained look on his face. We've all seen, with trendily declining interest, the similarly declining fortunes of the once never-put-a-foot-wrong darlings of the pop media to the point where radio stations no longer automatically programme their singles, then the much-vaunted deal with expatriate Oz midas Robert Stigwood falling through and the rumours of a final split as various members did fill-in gigs with the likes of Mike Rudd (Harvey James) and the All Stars (Tony Mitchell). And then it was official, Sherbet were broke, though Festival were still confident enough to finance a new album. A bit of a come-down for a band that had been consistent chart-toppers in Oz for something like eight years.

"Out on the fringe (if you win)
You get one chance
There ain't no more..."
(Out On The Fringe)

However, neither Braithwaite nor the Sherbs (no more Highway, they have taken up The Sherbs as a more familiar and credible alternative to attack the '80s with) are about to take any notice of that piece of advice. Braithwaite is full of confidence and enthusiasm for a revitalised Sherbs.

"We had a big meeting in Bangkok prior to Xmas, because we were up there playing, and we've got 30 songs at least, not all finished but written. I can't tell you what direction things are going in because I've only heard three songs which are up for selection, but one of them is a killer called *I Have The Skill*, which sort of sums up what Sherbet went through over the last eight or nine years, like starting off, to where we became really popular, and then the decline and now the attempt at a come-back, to re-establish ourselves here on the Australian market, and it's great - the song that is. I think we'll do it actually. I mean I think we will come back and establish ourselves in a more tangible group vein, not as I think they saw us before, as something the media could write anything about and the radio stations loved us and so they'd use us and all that sort of thing, but we'll be more careful of the direction that we'll be going in. That's one thing, too, that the next album will have, is a definite direction, which will be a more rock-oriented style. The new stuff has got a tinge, if anything, of Traffic, how they were in the early days. It's interesting."

The group has been working on the new material since Xmas, usually working round at Garth's place, and hope to have demos down by February. After that they'll start recording the new album. There will be a round of pub gigs (no concert tour in the old style), with two weeks in Sydney, followed by similar gigs in Melbourne and Adelaide and so on. They are hoping to have a single out round the middle of February and the album ready for late June.

"It'll be interesting to see how it turns out. I just hope we don't lose it in the studio. It's so easy to do. Garth will be producing it, mainly, with Richard Lush co-producing and engineering, and we'll be doing it down at Paradise (a new Eastlakes-style complex in Sydney). Everyone in the band's determined to make a real big effort. Like, everyone's aware that we'll probably be knocked again and all that, but I don't think anyone cares. I think the knockers will change their minds."

Ah, the family's together again. But why didn't Daryl use anything by Garth and the other Sherb songwriters on his solo album?

"I really didn't want to use any Sherbet material because what I was trying to do was break away from how people see me here, as a ballad singer or whatever. That's basically why the concept of the album is a lot tougher and a lot more extreme as far as people see me at the moment. They still see me as *You're My World* and I really want to break away into a far rockier sort of thing. That's why the second side is the way it is. Same with the cover. I mean, Festival freaked out when they got the cover 'cos the face is hidden, so it's hard to see who it is, and the printing is sort of vague, but to me it's great. Love it."

As for the Sherbs and their future, it looks like Bangkok is getting to be a regular port of call for them. They did ten gigs in eight days just before Xmas, 1200 seaters and all full it seems.

"They were great - what a place! We go back there in August and we do Bangkok, Chang Mai and another place just south of Bangkok, then Manila and Hong Kong. I think there's at least three or four places the promoter wants to put us in, 'cos he thinks we can do it. That's why, when the album comes out late June, he'll get a copy and then he can go to the bootleggers and say 'If you want this album...' I mean, he's going to explain to them that this is their only alternative! It's a big market but you can't expect to make money from record sales *because* the bootleg situation up there is just so incredible, so you have to do it this way! The promoter will play it 'cos he's got radio stations, and so it'll be great going back again. They're good audiences, too. The audiences there have got a bit older - it was more like a university type thing last time.

"As for breaking in overseas, we're just going to do what we do, what *we* think is right and not be led around by what's happening, 'cos being away for nine months and the guys being here, we've finally decided that you're better off doing exactly what you do the best and what you feel you're most comfortable at and not to be led by different trends which have been happening all through '79, like, it's gone from this to that and if you do that you just get sucked in, so what we're gonna do is just do our own thing and not be intimidated by what's happening or what people tell us we should be doing. It's just going to be *us*."

Will The Sherbs achieve anything this decade and make themselves a relevant force? It's going to be open-house for the knockers and not many bands have ever got back out of a slump when they've been at the top, but the Sherbs are going to try anyway. It's going to be an interesting decade for the former Kings of Oz Pop.

Michael Smith

ARE THERE PRESENTS AFTER DEATH?

The Elvis Presley saga shows no sign of sagging. We've heard about the departed's drug habits and his home porn video. The latest facet of the Presley legacy to come in for close scrutiny is the fabled (and sometimes rather weird) Presley generosity.

In his time, Presley handed out a great number of random gifts - rings, watches, cars and even houses. Some went to loyal retainers, good buddies or girlfriends; some went to total strangers like Minnie Person who, out of the blue, found herself the owner of a brand new Cadillac courtesy of Elvis.

This was all well and good when the man was alive and bringing in the bucks, but now that it's all down to royalties and residuals, the executors of the Presley estate, his former wife Priscilla, accountant Joseph Hanks and the National Bank of Commerce are trying to get some of it back.

The first move is against a Presley ex-girlfriend, Linda Thompson. In 1974, Presley purchased a Memphis town house and then let Ms Thompson's parents live in it on a rent free basis.

The Presley estate takes the attitude that this kind of thing has to stop and, accordingly, first demanded a $250 a month rental from the senior Thompsons. When the couple failed to come up with this, eviction proceedings were instituted.

Apparently the estate is now making efforts to recover more of Presley's lavish gifts. It's hard times when the King is dead.

Mick Farren

CAN'T REVERSE THE CHARGES

SHOWING THEIR

TRUE COLOURS

SPLIT ENZ

Their new album
produced by David Tickle
including their new single I Got You K7759
out now on Mushroom records and tapes L37167

Strangers in a strange land - any land. Enz Noel Crombie and Tim Finn.

ENZ WRAP UP OLD ERA
Split into the new age

It's 20 to 12 on a hot Sydney Thursday morning and a sleepy-eyed Noel Crombie finally arrives at Festival's offices, ritually dragged out of bed for a chat with the press about the beginnings, present and future of Split Enz. For casual day-wear he sports a pair of garish black and white check pants and a new hair cut - a virtual skin-head with just a blob of curl erupting from above the right forehead. Maybe in two years, most of the rock bands will be sporting similar haircuts, for, as Noel points out, as you can see by the pics on the back cover of the *Beginning Of The Enz* album cover, Enz were wearing today's New Wave white shirts and thin black ties back in '73. Which is not to say Enz necessarily started any trends, but they do seem to have anticipated a lot of things, which makes comments about jumping onto the new wave bandwagon with their recent singles, *I See Red* and *Things*, rather thoughtless.

This seems to be something that has plagued the Enz ever since they were picked up by Roxy Music's Phil Manzanera and whisked off to England so early in their career. Ever since, they seem to have just missed the boat every time things started to pick up for them; manager hassles, line up changes, record companies picking them up and dropping them, then sell-out tours of Oz, with the takings lost back to debt. It's only now, at the beginning of the '80s, that they finally seem to have got back onto an even keel. Which brings us to the Enz collectors' item, *The Beginning Of The Enz*, to finish off the last decade. It's the sort of flashback that neatly closes one era and leaves the way clear for a new stage in the saga of the Enz. At least, there is a lot of optimism within the band, always one of the most tenacious of outfits considering their topsy turvy fortunes so far.

"We can't wait to get back to England for another crack," chirps Crombie.

"People still want to book the band in the UK and that's from interest created almost two years ago, when we last toured. The last six months we were there, we only did two gigs because of all the management problems we were going through, but the audiences we did get were as enthusiastic as ever. Some of the best shows we've ever done were back in England."

The band also managed to score a number of European tours earlier in the piece, which helped put *Dizrythmia* in the Top Ten in the Belgian charts. Not big stuff - obviously they would have preferred English and American charting - but, still a good entry into a considerable market, as fellow Oz export JPY can testify.

As to the new album, *The Beginning...* "It had very little to do with us as a group. All the material was owned by a previous manager of the band and he did the shopping around for a deal for it, quite independent of us or Mushroom (*Split Enz' Oz record label*) Mushroom decided to take it, to keep it in the family I suppose, and so they decided to release it as a sort of filler between the new album and, er, product from the Enz for Xmas. It's sort of like history now, it's good to hear it. It's good to think that a lot of people that would like to have had it but couldn't have now got the chance, but it's a bit of an oddity I suppose."

Myself, I was disappointed to see that the preparation on the LP was so rushed they couldn't even manage to put cover notes on it to explain who was playing what, when the stuff was recorded or anything. Just a note of praise from young Neil Finn on the "fab" band he's now a member of.

"There could have been a lot more done, but it was a pretty sort of sudden. It just suddenly happened and it was out. There are quite a few different line ups on the album. The original band was purely acoustic. They didn't even have drums. There was a flautist, Mike Howard, a violinist, Miles Golding, Mike Chunn on bass, Tim Finn and Phil Judd. Then it went to an electric line up with Willy Wilkinson and Mike Chunn's brother Geoff on drums. Bob Gillies plays on few of the tracks too. That's about it really, just different people at different times. Like Miles, who played violin and did string arrangements on later line ups. He wasn't actually part of the band at this stage, but he was still working with them."

The only thing Noel's hoping for is that people won't be coming to gigs expecting to hear any of this album in the show. "We're always trying to go forward as much as possible. The way the band is, there's so much material coming out of us all the time that anything that's more than about eight months old tends to have very little chance of surfacing again, except maybe as B-sides. *Semi-Detached* is one of those songs. We did that one last year (*1978*) in England, produced it ourselves. We also produced *Things*. We all had a lot of faith in *Things* as a song, but we tend to feel now that it was let down a bit by production, which is pretty damning, but we always wanted to do it ourselves so we did it. It could have sounded a lot better, I suppose, and there were a lot of things wrong with it from the start; but we just persevered and tried to present it as best we could. But I think in retrospect it shouldn't have been released, 'cos as it is now, the band isn't that confident about it."

Enz all-new album is set for release in February this year and is produced by David Tickle, a protege of Mike Chapman of the Chinn and Chapman team that launched bands like Sweet, Smokie and Suzi Quatro. I asked Noel if the album continued in the direction that *Frenzy* had taken, away from the long, more conceptual pieces of the early Enz into a more song-oriented, singles conscious vein.

"One problem with Phil Manzanera as a producer, though we were very happy with what he did and would be quite happy to work with him on some future project, if his Roxy commitments allowed, was that he was totally uninterested in commerciality. At the time, when we did *Second Thoughts*, we were just happy doing albums too, but there was no attempt to try and evolve a potential single from what we had. The way the market is in the UK, it's still the single that cracks it for a band. That was one of the things that caused problems with Chrysalis (*Enz' UK label*) - the lack of anything promotable as a single on the albums, although *My Mistake* did get airplay. Problem was it was regional, never on the two London stations, and they're still the ones that make or break you. David has got that commercial sense and has done a lot to help us bring out that aspect on the new album.

"A large part of the length of the older material was that in New Zealand, we were never actually a professional band. We all had day jobs and so the emphasis was on rehearsal; so we spent a lot of time on the material, which meant in a lot of cases that it was over-arranged, if anything. When we came to Australia, that was the background. I think it's been a pretty logical progression since then of just simplifying things, making them more direct. In a way, it's much better to play the new kind of material 'cos it's more fun for us."

And what's going to be on the new album? "There's two instrumentals, one written by Eddie Raynor, keyboards, and two songs by Neil, and the rest are Tim's. It's again pretty much song-oriented and there's the usual ballad. There's always a Split Enz ballad on our albums, 'cos I think that's one of Tim's favourite sort of styles of song in a way. So there'll always be one ballad. We're playing a lot of the new album on stage, though the set changes quite a lot. We've got quite a bit of material to choose from, but the emphasis is mostly on the new album. But as I said, we're writing so much and moving forward all the time, the album is starting to feel old before we have even released it. We're already looking forward to the next one, and the trip to England."

Michael Smith

DEAF, BLIND, BUT NOT SO DUMB
The pinball machine that talks back

There I was, on the corner of Broadway and 52nd Street. It's not the pleasantest part of town, too close to the primal sleaze of Times Square, but what the hell it's one of the places in New York where you can find a full blown pinball arcade.

Anyway, I'm checking out this machine with a backflash like a heavy metal album cover - all snakes, demons, scantily clad nubiles and sword-wielding warriors. It calls itself a William's *Gorgar*.

So, I think to myself, what the hell and I drop my quarter into the slot and then goddamn! - the machine speaks to me! I swear to God the machine speaks to me.

"Gorgar speaks!

"Me Gorgar, Beat me!"

I take a step back. It's got this voice like a punch drunk Martian. I can tell you, I'm worried. Talking pinball machines are but a shot away from the white room with quilted walls. I'm just starting to sweat when somebody tells me that this is the very latest thing in electronic leisure devices. It's *Gorgar*, the world's first talking pinball machine and I have just put my quarter into the test model, the only one in the eastern half of the United States.

As I play the game, I start to discover the horror of *Gorgar*. Hit a target and he bellows, *"You got me!"* Drop the ball into his "snake hole" (1000 when lit) and he thunders, *"Me got you!"* Rip a special score out of the creature and he positively screams *"You hurt Gorgar.-me hurt!"*

By this time you realise that *Gorgar* doesn't have what you'd call a wide vocabulary. Talking, however, isn't his only trick. He also has a repertoire of 13 very peculiar noises, plus a throbbing heartbeat that quickens and grows louder as the score mounts.

Playing with *Gorgar* for the first time is a trifle hard on the nerves. Pinball has always been something of a solitary sport as far as I'm concerned, and to have some machine yelling and throbbing at you is a bit disconcerting until you get used to it.

It also makes you wonder what they'll think up next. Machines that bite you, punch you in the mouth or make humiliating remarks about how you dress? The future is nearer than we think.

Mick Farren

(Six Gorgars are on trial in Oz, say their distributor, Goddards. If they're popular, several hundred more will be imported).

CAN'T SEND IT AIR-FREIGHT

SILVER SCREEN

Blondie meats to the beat in 'Roadie' flick treat

Deborah Harry and the rest of Blondie have just spent several weeks in Austin, Texas, taking part in a new film called *Roadie*. Described as "a rock'n'roll fantasy", it stars Meat Loaf, Art Carney and Kaki Hunter and is directed by Alan Rudolph, who was responsible for *Welcome To LA* and *Remember My Name*. The film is being made under the auspices of Shep Gordon's Alive Enterprises, who manage both Blondie and Alice Cooper.

The screenplay is based on a character called Travis Redfish, who was invented by Texas writer Big Boy Medlin for a newspaper column he started in 1973. Medlin calls Redfish "a Zen redneck"; he's naive and excessive in every way, with a philosophy based on such ideas as "everything happens if you let it", "never leave Texas" and "always carry an extra beer".

Big Boy Medlin's original plan was to write a realistic film about roadies based on his experiences working with the Sir Douglas Quintet in the Sixties. He began working on a script with writer Michael Ventura. When producer Zalman King suggested they do another film based on the character of Travis Redfish, they decided to combine the two ideas by turning Redfish into a roadie.

Redfish is played by Meat Loaf, who used to roadie for his own band, Popcorn Blizzard, when they worked out of Detroit in the mid-sixties, Meat Loaf appeared in *Hair* on Broadway in 1970, an then joined Joseph Papp's New York Shakespeare Festival, where he appeared in *Othello* and *As You Like It*. He's also acted in several musicals, and in the film *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, where he played Eddie, the fifties rocker who spends the early part of the film in a deep freeze. He's recently completed a cameo role in *Scavenger Hunt*, playing a character called Scum, appearing with 15 Hell's Angels from the San Diego chapter.

Meat Loaf doesn't sing in *Roadie*, because that would mean stepping out of his character as Travis Redfish, but says he hopes to sing *Surf's Up* on the soundtrack album, if his record company permits.

As the film opens, Travis Redfish is driving a beer truck when he is stopped by two members of Mohammed Johnson's Rock'n'Roll Circus, whose van has broken down. Realising that Redfish has a kind of mechanical genius and can fix anything, they persuade him to join the troupe; he does so because he's fallen in love with an aspiring groupie named Lola who is travelling with them. They go through Texas where there are scenes of Asleep At The Wheel and Roy Orbison, and Hank Williams Jr singing *The Eyes Of Texas Are Upon You* to quell a fight in an Austin club.

The troupe moves on to California, where there is a scene with a Los Angeles punk band, and then to Boise, Idaho - where Blondie are seen performing Johnny Cash's old hit *Ring Of Fire*. Redfish joins forces with Blondie, but leaves to accompany Lola to New York when she goes in search of Alice Cooper.

Meat Loaf says: "I don't think this film has anything to do with the rock business. It's a fantasy about Travis and his adventures in Rock'n'Roll Land."

So far, the details of the soundtrack have not been released, but there will be an album by Bones Howe. The film itself is scheduled for release in America around June/July this year, and will probably appear in Australia later in '80 or early '81. But you read it here first!

Mary Harron

SCREEN SHAPES IN '80

Could Westerns be riding back in from the sunset? Certainly activity in this area is increasing with five westerns released in 1979 and five more in production now.

If a blockbuster is needed to launch a film trend, this may be supplied by Michael Cimino whose successor to *The Deer Hunter* is *Heaven's Gate* starring Kris Kristofferson, Christopher Walken, John Hurt and Jeff Bridges. Its main distinction at present is that it's the most expensive western ever made; originally budgeted at $12 million, it's now cost somewhere between $30-40 million.

Also in the offing is a remake of *The Lone Ranger* jointly financed by Sir Lew Grade and the Wrather Corporation, who bought the rights in 1954. Sadly, it will not feature Clayton Moore, the man behind the original mask, who is still embroiled in legal disputes with Wrather. Worse still, his horse Silver died in 1977, and Tonto (Jay Silverheels) suffered a stroke and is partially disabled.

The last film Jack Nicholson directed was a western, *Going South*, which went soft at the box office. Since then he's starred in Stanley Kubrick's new masterwork *The Shining* (due for release later this year) and has now committed himself to the lead role in *The Postman Rings Twice*. Based on the 1934 best-seller by James M. Cain, and filmed three times before, the 1980 version will be directed by Bob Rafelson who last worked with Nicholson on *Five Easy Pieces*.

Cheech (l) & Chong (r), current Hollywood hot properties, doing their laff riot crosseyed routine; kills 'em in the kinders...

The giant worldwide success of the Cheech and Chong drug comedy movie *Up In Smoke* (only in England was it a floperoo) has turned the duo into hot property in the film world. *Smoke* cost just $2 million and has so far grossed $104 million - and they're still counting.

The duo's next project for Universal is entitled *Cheech & Chong Go Hollywood*, and will be directed by Tommy Chong from their own script. Cheech says of the film: "We'll go with our new image as movie stars although we'll show the low-rent side of Hollywood"; it will, naturally, continue the team's predilection for sex, drugs and rock'n'roll.

Mashed faced Sylvester Stallone doesn't always look this bad - only when he's making 'Rocky' movies...

Rocky II has once again flouted traditional industry rules, by taking more at the box office than the original, and Stallone confirmed recently that there will be a third movie to complete the trilogy - but that will definitely be the last. The reason, Stallone claims, is that he's getting too old for the rigorous part.

He told Philadelphia's newsmen: "I made *Rocky I* when I was 29. I'll be 33 soon. My endurance is beginning to drop."

Meantime that other boxing picture *Ranging Bull*, which reunites the *Mean Streets* team of De Niro, Scorsese and Mardik Martin, is already long overdue and overbudget. This may have something to do with the team's attention to detail. Apparently the producers of the biopic (about boxer Jake La Motta) took 14 attempts to create precisely the right battered nose for De Niro. The final cost: more than $8,000, a figure not to be sneezed at.

Dick Tracy

Martin Sheen as Willard in Kurtz's cage.

The novel idea behind 'Apocalypse'

You've seen the film, have you read the book?

First published in 1902, Joseph Conrad's *Heart Of Darkness* made a deep but unwelcome impression on readers in Edwardian England. The hero of the short novel, which took the form of a narrative by a lugubrious character named Marlow, was a certain Mr Kurtz.

Half-English, half-French and by all accounts a cultured man, Kurtz had left for Africa and made a great success of managing an isolated trading post; he was thus assured of both promotion and the envy of his fellow whites.

But then, for no apparent reason, Kurtz had gone mad. When Marlow had finally met him after a gruelling journey up-river in an antiquated paddle steamer, the man was emaciated, wracked with fever and at death's door, his house surrounded by poles topped with human heads. The reality of the situation was soon apparent; Kurtz had in fact gone tribal and was, it seemed, worshipped by the warlike natives he led in search of ivory and to whom he dispensed brutal justice.

That any able and supposedly sane man should have regressed into a state of pagan primtivism - this was shocking enough to Edwardian sensibilities, but Conrad's suffocatingly intense evocation of what he perceived as the heart of darkness itself induced further terrors.

This heart, Conrad suggested, throbbed in the impenetrable fastness of the African interior and had quickly found an echo in Kurtz - and if, it was implied, such an obviously outstanding man had succumbed to its baleful rhythms and committed atrocities whilst under its thrall, who then was safe? Conrad was making a mockery of the overweaning self-confidence of the imperial ethic ("We'll *civilise* these savages") and shredding notions of white, European supremacy.

Kurtz himself was utterly beyond the pale, operating in a moral vacuum. He had gazed about and within himself, only to find turmoil and chaos. And what of God? He, Kurtz, was God, answerable to himself alone, and this absolute loneliness was unbearable.

These insights terrified Kurtz as much as they did Conrad's readers, and ultimately defeated him. His dying words were simply "The horror! The horror!", a pitiful gasp of resignation in the face of a realisation that surpassed all human understanding.

Francis Ford Coppola's *Apocalypse Now* is closely based on *Heart Of Darkness*, but transfers the story from 19th century Africa to 20th century Viet Nam; Coppola's and co-script writer John Milius' Kurtz (Marlon Brando) is a colonel in the US Army.

Walter E. Kurtz was a brilliant career soldier, heavily decorated and headed straight for the top, until, inexplicably, he applied for duty in Special Forces at twice the usual age, and then disappeared into the jungle. He is currently based deep in Cambodia, conducting a vicious war of his own against the Vietcong with an army of deserters and Montagnard tribesmen.

Colonel Kurtz has become a severe embarrassment to the American High Command. His methods and ideas, a general drawls, have become "unsound". He is to be "terminated with extreme prejudice" (ie killed), and the man selected for this mission is Willard (Martin Sheen), a war-shocked captain who, unable to readjust to life back in the USA, has returned to Viet Nam in a state of near-existential desperation.

Willard is played a tape of an intercepted radio broadcast by Kurtz, who's heard agonising forlornly about his predicament, which he compares to that of a snail sliding along the edge of a razor, and is immediately mesmerised, just as Marlow had been by news of Conrad's Mr Kurtz. Lost to the outside world as he pores over Colonel Kurtz's bulging file and, again like Marlow, he provides us with a narration (courtesy of Michael Herr, author of *Dispatches*). Willard then proceeds up-river in a patrol boat.

Conrad's heart of darkness has become Viet Nam, a war-wrecked landscape in which moral niceties are strictly off-limits and over which looms the figure of another, later Kurtz.

Angus McKinnon

Bette Midler as The Rose magnetizing her crowd.

'THE ROSE'

Directed by: Mark Rydell
Starring: Bette Midler, Alan Bates, Frederic Forrest

Glitter and high heels. Razzamatazz and beehive hairdo wigs. Liberal amounts of rouge and smeared lipstick smiles. And that was the men-fans! Everyone out for an hilarious time. For Bette is the Queen of the wisecrack. The mistress of camp overstatement. Everything's a giggle with Bette, right?

Wrong. There are very few giggles in *The Rose*. It is not an exercise in delightful campery. It is a taughtly controlled excursion into tightrope dramatics. A quarter of an hour into the film, it is clear *The Rose* is bouncing off walls so hard and fast, the question is which will cause the terminal pile-up.

Rose is a singer, she is famous, she fronts an all-male band and outdoes every one of 'em in the macho dept. She carries a bottle of bourbon in her bag, and she picks up men with the ease a bitch attracts fleas, except these fleas are to *relieve* the itch. Then she just scratches them off anyway. She runs her band like a born dictator, maintains running guerilla warfare with her manager (Allan Bates), scoops up audiences and eats 'em whole.

The time is the late '60s, and the rock lifestyle portrayed is exactly the same as it is today. The band are all laidback sharp. Silkily-groomed, droopy moustaches, expensive velvet tatt duds. Private tour planes, limos and rentabuses, groupies and drugs in the dressing rooms, and audiences going ritually apeshit as only wired up American audiences have been doing since the Beatles generation dropped acid.

Rose is a demented outcast in her own playground. Top player in the sandbox is Allan Bates who has power played his star into a position of inevitable million dollar gains. But, as Midler plays her, Rose is vulnerable. She craves the power but can't shake off an unattractive, hurt childhood. In her early years she was degraded so often, the feeling actually turned into a thrill. She's also an ex-junkie who finds herself more and more recalled to the chill of the needle.

If all this sounds just like what you've heard about the late Janis Joplin, it does to me too. The distributors, Fox Columbia, swiftly ducked charges of necrophilia (and legal scrutiny from the Joplin estate) by describing Midler's performance as "a composite portrait of many popular singers in the 1960 s". But hell, there's a lot of the Joplin life and legend in Rose, and even if the Midler/Janis singing styles are totally opposite, the music is the same steamy, blues acid rock mode. It's produced by Paul Rothschild who himself is no stranger to the music of the late '60s, having produced The Doors and Joplin's album *Pearl*. The concert sequences were lit by Chip Monck, who has, in fact, been lighting Midler's stage performances for years. He also stage-managed Woodstock where Joplin was a featured performer.

The band are actual ace musicians like Steve Hunter (ex-Alice Cooper guitarist), keyboardsman Robbie Buchanan and drummer Whitey Glan. There are three major concert sequences in *The Rose*. Filmed live they were, and the atmosphere is captured authentically. In a rock film sense, it's one of the best technical meldings of the two forms since...well, probably since the Beatles got theatres full of little girls' pants wet in *A Hard Days Night*. Most of all, Midler is convincing as a strutting, swaggering rock performer, a musical role quite removed from the camp cabaret chic that drew glitter, camp and straights to her Australian tour last year.

She doesn't fold up on the dramatic side either, though Alan Bates hands in *the* performance of the film, a totally visceral, hip-but-savage guttural reading of Rudge, the manager who is hot for the millions his act can deliver, if she follows his marketing plan. Midler works out as a good foil to his bristling performance, allowing him to wear her down in a brawl about whether she can get off the road and "become normal", then wisecracking on the up-vibe through a follow up press conference where she casually waits for the right moment of bonhomie to tell everyone she's going off the road, anyway.

Even so, Midler's best scenes are with Dyer (Frederic Forrest), an army deserter who gets elected Rose's main loveman. She treats him like a creep, he socks her right back, she grows to depend on him, he starts to *lerv* her. She throws him away, he comes back, she decides the pressures are too big for her to do a show of triumphant return to her hometown, he helps her run away, she runs back, hits up, is hustled to the show, belts out one song, collapses dead before a hushed audience.

That's the fatal flaw of the film actually, no rock audience would remain reverently silent while a performer went through a sotto-voice, little-girl-lost routine as does Midler in the last moments of the film. They'd be up there screaming for blood, and wouldn't be shocked into realising they'd got it until the performer karked.

The full-tilt maudlin excess of the film's close is gauche indeed, given what has gone before is conveyed so lustily and effectively. (It's also pharmaceutically impossible - heroin ODs don't go through a beefy song, firmly on their feet, before falling down dead). But it's not enough to blunt the main effect. It was a very trizzily gay crowd that walked into the theatre; they walked out sobered, and for the most part, touched with pathos.

Anthony O'Grady

VIOLENCE

A VERY GOOD REASON FOR NEVER GOING TO ANOTHER ROCK CONCERT OR ANY OTHER CROWDED EVENT

by Anthony O'Grady

The Sydney Opera House fiasco where Angels Doc Neeson and Chris Bailey collected severe head injuries is by no means the worst case of rock violence in Oz. As you can see from the screaming headlines on the following pages, the long and winding road of Oz rock is something akin to a blood-spattered highway.

But the Opera Hosue show was a watershed. Never before have so many done so much to prove how little the lout instinct has to rise before taking over.

What follows is an inquest of the event that outlines the flashpoints that spark violence and notes the preventive measures that could have avoided or subdued the aggro. As you'll see, all the ingredients for chaos were bubbling insidiously, while preventive measures were almost negligible. Given the circumstances of the Opera House gig, or any open air gig, the wonder is not that two performers were severely injured and 267 of the crowd had to receive medical attention. The wonder is that the figures are so low. If the Opera House experience proves anything, it's that people are generally *more* civlized than they're given credit for. For the overall circumstances present at the Opera House on New Years Eve 1979 were a classic recipe for violence and mayhem.

Specifically, the violence at the Opera House was the well publicised climax to a two year growth of mob unrest. It started with a brief flare-up at Rockarena in 1977, and has been fanned by the propaganda-style tactics used to promote Packer cricket. In between, it has spread to just about every pub and club gig in every major city around Australia. It's a cycle that has ensured a growing percentage of RAM readers, for instance, are now staying home playing records, instead of going out discovering new bands at a nearby local. And, as the cycle spirals, rock crowds are getting whittled down to a hard core who can take, or give, aggro with entertainment. If the trend continues, eventually bands will be taking the stage behind barbed wire to watch an audience club each other into oblivion.

The Opera Hosue gig, pub gigs, football games and test matches share the classic ingredients for violence: **booze, media conditioning, malfunctioning security and conducive terrain leading to a boilover of frustration.**

MEDIA CONDITIONING:

Psychologist Des Nasser, who has spent 16 years researching crowd psychology and violence in society, notes the trend for the media to encourage us to form large crowds. Record breaking numbers at night cricket and open air concerts are front page news. TV commercials for Packer cricket and winter football stress the confrontation aspect of the games, while panning lovingly over packed stands of screaming humanity. Concert events are hyped with organiser expectations of more! more! more!! people crammed into one place at the same time.

Well, why not? If you're going to throw a party and nobody comes, what's the use?

The other side of the coin is, if you make being part of an excited mob a status symbol, you're encouraging **"acting-out"**, which is a term psychologists use for *"lack of inhibitions leading to impulses discharged through action rather than words."*

Right here, it should be noted the amplification at rock concerts makes non-verbal communication a strict necessity. To reach a similar state in a sporting crowd, you have to have, say, the English soccer experience of team supporters chanting theme songs at each other before one-to-one verbal communication is down the tube.

Video shows halo effect as Doc is hit...
pain strikes, he staggers and starts to fall...
half way down, starting to blank out...
down and nearly out. (video pix by Philip Morris)

Rock crowd trouble spot forming. *(pic: Bob King)*

For the past decade, says Nasser, people in the Western World have been encouraged to "do their own thing", which can mean being innovative enough to build an H-bomb in your backyard, being brave enough to flout conventional behaviour and authority, or having less regard for the inviolability of your fellow human unit. Crowd fighting is nothing new notes Nasser, who can remember going to test football matches in the '50s, where there were no fewer than 400 separate fights throughout the crowd. But, he recalls, they were *individual* affairs - two or three men hoeing into each other while their neighbours sat or stood by in disapproving silence. Nowadays social conditioning is directed towards becoming a participant, which is why incidents like can throwing at the Opera House start with say 50 separate individuals, build to a participatory core of about 100, then overflow into mass participation.

Media chain reaction is another reason why crowd violence is on the upsurge. Michael Chugg, who's been organising rock shows in Australia for the past 12 years or so (he currently road manages tours for the Paul Dainty Corp. as well as running his own management agency, Marquee Attractions), points out that as soon as one example of crowd violence hits the headlines, it's followed by a spate of incidents designed to emulate.

"There are people out there who think, if it's in the papers, it's a good thing to do," he says glumly. "Like one daily paper said the new craze at concerts was to flatten empty beer cans to make metal frisbees. Well, what was actually happening was, kids were just picking up trampled tinnies and throwing them, just because they were handy. Now they're starting to *make* 'em into metal frisbees because, if they read it in the papers, that's what they reckon they should be doing. And when beer cans are thrown like that, and connect, they cause a lot more damage.

"The publicity that Opera House thing got will cause a lot more injury, just wait and see."

Sure enough, exactly ten days after New Years Eve, Peter Garrett from Midnight Oil collected a full can in the head. He was taken to hospital.

So why are we at RAM running three pages on violence? Because we believe we're speaking directly to the lifeblood of Australia's rock audience. And we want you, and the people in the rock bix, to understand the *causes* of violence as a first step to being part of being able to *control* it. It's a risk, sure, but if you're part of the vast majority of the rock audience that considers violence a disgrace, this article can help you keep *yourself* under control at the next rock show. For crowd violence is highly contagious. As Des Nasser says: "there's a lout or animal in everyone and anyone that will come out under certain conditions. Civilization is basically about the people's civilized bits keeping their uncivilized bits under control."

But that's assuming people in a crowd have the capacity for self-government. All history is against this proposition. What's needed is not only a more aware crowd mentality, but comprehensive external security.

MALFUNCTIONING SECURITY:

The job of crowd security is to ensure crowd behaviour remains within civilized parameters. When it doesn't, you've got a security malfunction. The malfunction may take the form of too few to control too many, as in the classic case of the Skinheads vs Bob Jones (*see separate item*). It may be that the security doesn't know the most effective way to control a crowd. It may be that security is actually more interested in trashing the audience than in maintaining non-combative circumstances (*see separate items*).

The main malfunction with security as it is today, is it effectively needs a bunch of guards with both Psychology PhDs and the biceps of Sampson. What you inevitably get is off-duty policemen who spend most of the concert freeloading drink and eats backstage at open air events, and the burliest local brawlers at pub gigs.

There are a select few aces who can effectively arrange security for a crowd of 20 to 200,000, but in the main it's amateur night in the Praetorian Guard. There is, for instance, no standard of intelligence, experience, or tolerance a man has to attain before pinning a security badge on his chest. Some individuals are fine, conscientious men who'd risk their all to protect performers and the non-combative section of the crowd. And then there's the guy who eyes you up and down, decides to hate you on sight and hopes to get the chance to throw you through a window; this type will often prod and manoeuvre the situation so he does get that chance. The point is, until every security badge is backed by guaranteed training and competence, you really don't know whether the next flying fist is going to come from the person beside you or the man who's being paid to protect you from assault.

The bottom line of security at the Opera House gig was not even that there weren't enough police, off-duty police and security men to control a crowd of that size, it's that they weren't fully organised and trained for optimum effectiveness in quelling crowd violence.

Anyone who was on stage for the duration of the Opera House gig can testify that even during the worst hail of projectiles, there were no more than 70 prime trouble spots in the crowd.

Says a member of the Opera House stage crew: "They're so dumb they'll do something, throw a full can, start a fight, and just stand in the same spot till they find another can or someone else to fight. The police and security could have seen these trouble spots if they'd had someone on the stage pinpointing where it was all starting. Instead they said the crowd was impossible to patrol, and went backstage for a beer."

Bob Yates, who manages Mi-Sex, uses the spot 'em from the stage system at Mi-Sex pub gigs. Mi-Sex have a bodyguard called Luke who stands at the foot or side of the stage. His job is to case the audience for troublemakers building up enough aggro to hoist the first missile. He used to do the same job for The Angels. And Cold Chisel took two bodyguards with them on their last tour. The job was two-fold. First, protect the band from attack from the audience by making sure he who throws the first can never throws a second. The other part of the job is to make sure the bouncers at the venue itself don't hassle the band.

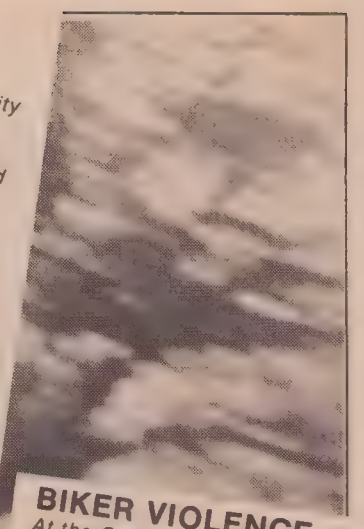
THE BIGGEST CROWD VIOLENCE?

The biggest mass violence scene in Australian rock'n'roll was probably at Frankston, Victoria, on Boxing Day 1972, when 3XY staged a free concert that pulled a crowd of 18,000. Melbourne, at that time, had a large skinhead gang population who traditionally were banned from inner city discos as troublemakers. Only thing was, most of the city discos had security organised by karate expert **Bob Jones** *and skinhead resentment against Jones and his men was running at an all time high.*

At the 3XY concert, the gangs realised they outnumbered the Bob Jones men by 20 to 1 and started thumping the shit out of the security guards. At the height of the brawl, over 1,000 of the 18,000 crowd were hoeing into the same fight.

CHEAP TRICK SECURITY

At the first **Cheap Trick** *concert in Sydney, the security guards were not only untrained, they were bursting for aggro. Seemingly recruited from bike gangs, the guards patrolled the front area, flipping their biceps at each other and staging mock wrestling matches. Their job was to keep people who'd rushed down the aisles from sitting down. But the technique was to pick a single fan who stood up, then stomp through the crowd and knock him down. The security chief spent most of the concert moving troublemaking bouncers to spots where they wouldn't come into contact with the crowd.*



BIKER VIOLENCE

At the Capricorn Pop Festival in Central Queensland, a desperate bunch of blitzed-out bikies took over the stage quite amiably and peacefully while **James Elliot** *were playing.*

Later that night, while James Elliot were playing 'Race With The Devil', a fight erupted amongst the bikies. Police stationed at the gig had been called out to two fatal road accidents on the highway and the fight erupted into an all-out brawl. While the 500 or so people backed away or headed for the exits, the band played on oblivious to the chaos below! Three bikies were treated for stab wounds and a couple of punters for cuts and bruises.

BOUNCERS BREAK ARM

In Sydney, bouncers at one city hotel were charged with assault after throwing a youth down a flight of stairs, causing a broken arm.

The bouncers, whose reputation for over-reacting was widespread, were kept on the payroll during the period between the laying of charges and the case coming to court. They were then sacked and found employment at a traditionally rough pub on Sydney's northern beaches.

One of the bouncers charged was a private detective who was on the verge of getting his licence to carry a firearm.

BOUNCERS THROW YOUTH THROUGH GLASS

Bouncers at an establishment at Manly threw one youth out for throwing a can at **The Other Side**. *On the way out, an "innocent bystander" (real Dick Tracy stuff this) leaning in a doorway got in the bouncers' path and was also dragged out and thrown into the gutter. He reached the gutter via a plate glass window.*

"...POLICE VANS BURN IN NEWCASTLE, AUSTRALIA..."

The **Star Hotel** *Riot on 19 September last year was an international news story, and a classic case of rock'n'roll mob violence. Monster crowd, free beer and mass drunkeness, anger at the closure of a favoured venue, highly emotional stage performance, totally tactless and provocative behaviour by the police...who were turned against by the huge crowd, pelted with bottles and cans, had several vehicles trashed...many hospital casualties and many arrests. (So far, no live album has been released...)*

Like the recent Opera House fracas, the violence at the Star Hotel was unpredictable, surprising only in its extent. Authority, and its Enforcers, are natural targets for an audience howling for rock and roll; the mood at both concerts was grim rather than celebratory even before the music started. The interesting thing is that the anticipation of mayhem attracts so many.

(background pic: Brad Montague); (inset pic: Bob King)

GARY NUMAN
'THE PLEASURE PRINCIPLE'

Featuring the single 'Cars'

Beggar Banquet

Beggar Banquet Records

Distributed by WEA

CONDUCIVE TERRAIN

Simply means the more uncivilized the conditions, the more you provoke matching uncivilized behaviour.

A crowd itself is conducive terrain for violence. People pressed against each other are invading each other's private space - which extends about a foot around your entire person. Try it next time you're speaking to someone. Gradually move towards them till you're standing within their private space and watch how they change. The main thing you notice is they start to react to you *physically* - they try to pull away, they get physically agitated and start twitching, or they react to your physical presence positively and snuggle up to you. In high density, large crowds everyone's private space is invaded time and time again.

Remember hippies? They had a concept called a "be-in" where audiences were encouraged to snuggle together and like it. But most people don't like their private space being invaded. It makes them nervous. The only effective way to control large numbers of people, says Des Nasser, is to provide each of them with a seat, relieving the pressure on private space and limiting the flow effect of violence.

At events like an Opera House gig where seating is an impossible venture, it would have helped considerably if the audience area had been cordoned into blocks holding a few thousand each. As blocks up front were filled, security men could have discouraged further over-crowding. The more regulated, even regimented, a crowd is, the more unlikely it is that a violence flashpoint will spark. It's not likely we'll see control like this is Oz, it would be too great an offence against the legend of free-flowing Australian mateship. *"Shit Bluey, rip open another can and let's take a wander around to see if Curly's here yet."*

Conducive terrain also refers to the physical impossibility of being able to see or do what you came to see or do. At most outdoor events you have to strain to see the stage, and most of the violence at rock shows is started by people with obscured sightlines. The Opera House steps can provide OK viewing for up to 50,000 people. So why do organisers hustle to attract a 100,000 to 250,000 crowd?

As we quoted last issue of RAM, Rick Brewster from The Angels reports that most of the missiles were coming from people huddled under the stage, who couldn't see what they came to see.

But even media-conditioning, malfunctioning security and conducive terrain aren't enough to boil over the violence melting pot. The most active ingredient of all is, inevitably, booze.

ALCOHOL

There's a big distance between the smiling sportsmen who drink beer in TV commercials and the "drunken louts" who feature so spectacularly in media accounts of crowd violence. But in the end, it all comes down to alcohol's ability to reduce inhabitions and help acting-out . Whether it's a TV fantasy of being the last man in and belting Dennis Lillee for a six to win the match, or actually throwing a flattened can as a metal frisbee at the moron who's obstructing your view of the stage. Booze gives your power fantasies a big boost, *and* makes you uninhibited enough to try to carry them out.

In an open air crowd situation or a small uncomfortable pub rock venue, the fantasies inevitably turn from pleasant daydreams to rage at obstacles to your enjoyment.

Untrained young drinkers are most volatile of all. Michael Chugg can remember drinking a bottle of rum when he was 14 and wanting to smash in the whole world. He, like many others in the rock biz, has also noted the upsurge of alcohol violence over the past year, as the street price of marijuana has near quadrupled, reflecting its scarcity.

Instead, more kids are boozing more often, and combining the grog with pills and powders. And Des Nasser is just one of a chorus of voices pointing out *that* mixture does lethal things to the average person's inhibitions. Not only do they feel more like acting-out, they often can't even feel the physical effects of the resulting violence. And with both civilization and pain barriers down, you've got a rampage.

Right now there are an estimated 90,000 cases of underage drinking, in NSW alone, *per week*, and the auguries are, it's a growing trend.

Des Nasser points out marijuana also has an uninhibiting effect, but with more passive results than alcohol.

The physical conditions at crowded events, the sheer effect of being part of a large crowd, the slim grasp of *effective* security at most such events, and uncontrolled alcohol use, are the elements that tie together to create enough frustration to cause acting-out.

And that's taking it for granted you are basically on the side of peace, truth and justice. At the very least, that you don't go to events with the premeditated aim of smashing someone's face in, or scoring Doc Neeson with a handy potentially deadly weapon.

The Opera House gig put the kybosh on it. At Rockarena, when the first scuffle started, Michael Chugg walked out on stage and said something to the effect of: *"There are 40,000 of us here today and about 70 arseholes are trying to ruin it for us all."*

The crowd swung around, started murmuring against the scufflers instead of gaping or encouraging. Ron Blackmore used the same tactic at an Opera House gig in November '79, when a beercan fight started within the first five minutes of the show.

At the Opera House on New Years Eve, no one tried talking crowd psychology. The reason? The organisers weren't sure when the commercial breaks were coming and no one wanted to be on nationwide TV telling a mob they were a pack of arseholes and a disgrace to the city. Ignore it and it'll go away, they thought.

They were wrong.

BANDS WHO INSPIRE VIOLENCE

As the Opera House at New Year proved, virtually any act - even a Lord Mayor - can get pelted in the right circumstances. But some acts seem to inspire...wilder reactions than others up and down the country. The Angels, Cold Chisel, Rose Tattoo, and various other heavy successful acts see the crowd get out of control fairly often, but the scuffling and lobbing is more likely to be directed at the bouncers or another section of the audience. But a few bands inspire attacks against themselves.

Perhaps the foremost of these is **Jimmy & The Boys**. Their whole show is about violence, in political, social and sexual situations: their presentation is so powerful, and provocative, that some see it as a personal threat, or even an invitation, to reply in kind. Showers of glasses, lit cigarettes, cans, and even full jugs are not infrequent - all The Boys have played on relentlessly, real blood trickling with the stage gore. Lead singer Ignatius was too wild even for some bikies at the recent Hell's Angels gig in Broadford, Victoria; they leapt on stage and attempted violent censoring. However, a soft rock girl singer inspired attentive, polite reaction from the same bikies. Confrontations with the cops and vicious attacks after gigs are also quite common for The Boys; the latter have included cars-being-edged-off-the-road, and at least two rumoured stake-outs-with-guns.

BANDS WHO MAKE AGGRO (I)

For Brisbane's first true punk band, **The Fucking Leftovers**, violence was all part of the fun. The sight of singer Warren Lamond fighting on the dancefloor was not uncommon.

Trouble flared one night when a Saints fan took a strong dislike to the Leftovers, crossed the dancefloor and hoed into guitarist Jim Shoebridge. Bassist Glen Smith brought his guitar down on the offender's head and it was on. Saints fans clashed with the heavily safety pinned Leftovers mob in an all-out brawl. The police broke it up a couple of times before throwing everyone out.

A week later, when the Leftovers played at a hippy party in the bush at Samford, their fans ran amok pushing hippies into bonfires and belting into them with lumps of wood. The common attitude was "Hippies deserve to die."

When the Leftovers sacked their drummer, they gave him three weeks notice while they rehearsed with Flamin' Ed Wreckage. During his last gig, the band beat their old drummer up while he was playing.

The Leftovers, incidentally, have probably spent more time in jail or the watchhouse due to their habit of retaliating when the police bust up their gigs. Bassist Glenn Smith is currently missing in Asia after being busted with eight grams of heroin.

BANDS WHO MAKE AGGRO (II)

Sydney's most extreme punk rockers **Filth** started and ended their stormy career with senseless acts of violence.

At their first gig, a heckler was dragged on stage by the singer and drummer and beaten badly. Midway through the set, Filth vocalist Peter Tillman (now with the Lipstick Killers) hurled a mike stand into the audience. Everyone managed to avoid the missile, except a three-year-old child.

For their last stand, Filth procured two pints of human blood. The gig was designed to turn all the trendy punks off completely and in that it succeeded. During a messy version of 'White Light White Heat', the blood was thrown into the crowd. The audience showed no natural reactions such as disgust. It's doubtful whether they knew the difference between human and fake capsule blood.

SOME GIRLS WILL

In these glorious days of female emancipation, rock'n'roll violence is no longer strictly for men. Women lobbers are a small but growing section of the vicious community. The first rape-of-a-bouncer has yet to be reported, but brawling is well established. Various bands have spoken in awe of some all-in claw wrestling at Sydney's Fairfield Hotel with up to 70 girls taking part. The reason for fighting? Boys, of course.

WHY DON'T WE DO IT ON THE FLOOR

Parking lot gangbangs and apres-gig molestations in the dark are one thing (and fairly horrible at that). But at a recent **Angels** gig at a well known Sydney Eastern Suburbs disco, a girl was raped on the dance floor while the band was playing. If you find this slightly unbelievable, just remember that the most conservative estimates of rape statistics allow that the vast majority of sexual violations **aren't** reported.

"THAT SONG JUST DRIVES ME WILD"

"We were resident out at the Three Swallows Hotel (in Sydney's Western Suburbs) about four or five years ago. In the last set we often played 'Jumping Jack Flash' - and for some reason, that's when the chairs started flying."
- A member of Blitz

"If they're going to go mad, it usually happens after we do 'Butchy Boys'...which is understandable I s'pose, 'cause I finish the song with blood on my face."
Iggy Jones, Jimmy & The Boys

"At the end of the take, Mick (Ralphs) and myself were punching each other in the studio. He tried to hit me with his guitar, I was trying to kick his balls in. The atmosphere (of the song) effected us so much."
Ian Hunter on the subject of the Mott The Hoople song, "Violence".

(pix: Bob King)

MOTHER GOOSE

Their Brilliant second album
Featuring their new single
"Living in a Silent Movie"
Produced by Ralph Moss

Don't believe in Fairytales

Mushroom
Australia's Rock Plant

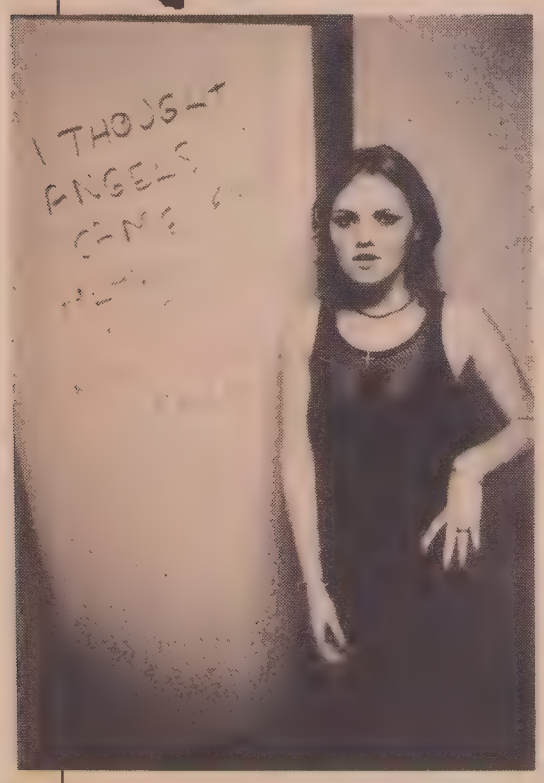
THRU Festival

L 37147

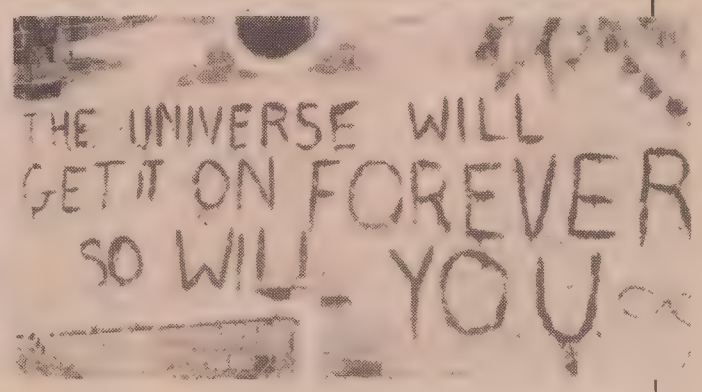
GRAFFITI

THE ONCE AND NOBLE ART OF THE WALL-SCRAWL

HARRY KOLOTAS emerges from the loos and backstreets of history with some of the many ways men and women have left their mark.



(pic: Philip Morris)



(all pix above: Paul White)

When excavations began on the ancient Roman city of Pompeii in the nineteenth century, one of the startling discoveries was the tendency of Pompeiians to scrawl rude words on walls. It was all preserved, for archaeologists to uncover thousands of years later - *"Julia of 3 Appian Way is a raging nympho"*, *"Chius the baker has itchy piles"*, *"Comicus is blessed with a fifteen inch steaming shaft"* and *"Festus and Sodalibus had it off underneath the wall one moon-shrouded night when their wives weren't looking"*. This, folks, was the officially recorded birth of graffiti. (*Graffiti, strictly speaking, means "scrawled writing"*).

In the modern world graffiti has retained its gossip mongering qualities of character assassination, whilst branching into philosophical, political and psychological observations. You can't get into any public toilet these days without encountering the collected thoughts of Pompeii's cynical successors. Even if you attempt to transcend the earthy, urinal atmosphere by gazing up at the ceiling, lost in introspective thoughts about the state of the nation or whatever, you're bound to be jarred by the scrawled inscription, *"What are you looking up here for? Are you ashamed of it?"* If you attempt to avoid the implications of this question and train your embarrassed eyes over to the other wall, chances are you'll be greeted by the sardonic statement, *"If you can aim this far you should be in the fire brigade"*. Sussed again. While zipping up and mulling over your potential as a fireman, you're accosted with yet more graffiti revelations, - *"However hard you shake your peg, at least one drop goes down your leg."* (Why doesn't K-tel invent something useful for once, like a built-in urine drop catcher?)

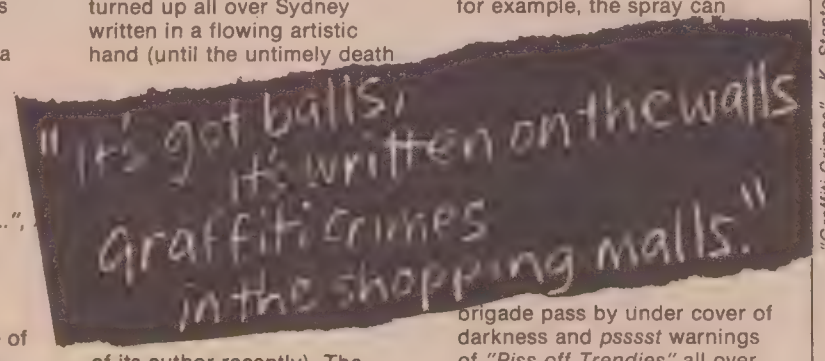
Inevitably, amongst the Freudian one-liners, hygiene advice, rhyming couplets and the avalanche of unlikely sexual boastings (*"I choked Linda Lovelace"* etc), there is always the inexplicable *"Kilroy was here"*. Like the monolith in *2001*, goading us on with the implied challenge of its alien presence and unfathomable origins, it seems as if Kilroy was always bloody here. And when a toilet wall does seem, incredibly, to escape his cosmic scrutiny - *"Peals of laughter, screams of joy, I was here before Kilroy"* - there always turns out to be a reason for the omission. guaranteed to get right up the nose of any young upstarts - *"Alas my friend, before you spoke, Kilroy was here but his pencil broke"*; or even more crushingly, *"Shut your mouth, shut your face, Kilroy built the bloody place"*. Question is, who is Kilroy? And why is he autographing our public toilets? Recently one James J. Kilroy of Halifax, Massachussetts, stepped forward and revealed to a hushed world that *he* is the eponymous Scarlet Pimpernel of the loos, the man indirectly responsible for all those countless graffiti crimes. Apparently this pathological scribbler worked at the Bethlehem Steel Company's shipyard as an inspector of tanks and warship parts at the outbreak of World War II. After he had examined a crate he would scrawl *"Kilroy Was Here"*, indicating the item had passed inspection, but also, it is now suspected, because he was consumed by an overpowering drive to see his name on absolutely everything. (Very likely dates back to his mother's toilet training methods, yet another case of thwarted anal expulsion). The theory is that the fourteen thousand dockyard workers of the Bethlehem Steel Co. were subsequently drafted into the armed services and took to writing Kilroy's slogan over the world - a colossal GI in-joke, perpetuated for reasons of nostalgia as well as a symbol of territorial ownership. *"Kilroy Was Here"* became tantamount in World War Two to a proclamation that the US army had passed that way (sort of like America's answer to dog piss). From these origins, James J. Kilroy's slogan proliferated to the extent that his proclamation is now read regularly by thousands of public lavatory devotees, a vast reading public which would put many newspaper circulations to shame.

The most recent graffiti innovation to capture the popular imagination and come into comprehensive usage on our toilet walls is the *"Rules OK"* genre. This almost certainly is an early seventies graffiti phenomenon, although its exact origins are obscure. An author going by the unlikely handle of Roger Kilroy postulates that the slogan began as a battle-cry screamed by warring factions of primitive Britons during their sporting rituals circa 1970 A.D. - i.e. a soccer chant like *"Arsenal Rules OK"*. Another possible source is the I.R.A. dominated areas of Belfast where the slogan *"Provo Rule OK"* became a popular catch-cry. ("Rule" would then have been corrupted to "Rules" as the expression was adopted into wider usage).

The *"OK"* school of graffiti really came into its own in 1975 however, when it became the signature slogan for the British Free George Davis campaign. At the time Davis was doing fifteen years for armed robbery and those impassioned idealists who were convinced of his innocence bedecked every wall in east London with the evocative graffiti, *"George Davis Is Innocent OK"*. In a tribute to popular justice and the voice of the people, Davis was freed in 1976, only to be lumbered with another fifteen year sentence a couple of years later, when he was caught in the act of coaxing several thousand pounds from a reluctant bank teller. This definitely took the wind out of the sails of the George Davis Is Innocent campaign and *"OK"* graffiti began to look a little silly. Around this time absurdist *"OK"* graffiti proliferated, effectively deflating the self-conscious idealism of earlier efforts. There was *"Bill Stickers Is Innocent OK"*, *"Apathy Ru...."*, *"Dyslexia Lures KO"* and *"Amnesia Rules O...?"*.

By far the richest source of graffiti in modern times has always been the average university bog wall, where the nation's alleged bright sparks, male & female, apply their wit and wisdom at public expense. It is within these cloistered toilet walls that we find the proliferation of high-brow graffiti like the droll *"Oedipus, your mother rang"*, or *"Sibling rivalry is for kids"*, or *"Bob Dylan was a profit"*. Apart from this cerebral stuff, the unis have bequeathed us succinct graffiti summaries of favourite campus causes: Feminism - *"Women are not for men to masturbate in. Demand satisfaction."*, and *"A woman without a man is like a fish without a bycycle"* (which provoked the chauvinist retort - *"Yes but who needs a stationary haddock?"*); Uranium - *"Mutate now and avoid the rush"*; Politics - *"Don't vote - the government will get in"*; Homosexuality - *"Love is a many gendered thing"*; Drugs - *"Reality is for people who can't cope with drugs"*. University toilet graffiti has also given the world the most realistic appraisal of the tertiary education system - *"B.A. degrees, please take one"*, written over a loo paper dispenser.

Graffiti being a populist mode of expression it is only logical that Australia has evolved some of its own peculiarly Australian efforts. *"Give masochists a fair crack of the whip"*, for example, incorporates a uniquely Australian expression and the anatomically bizarre *"Suck more Wombats"* has an undeniably Australian flavour even if it is discriminatory to wombats. There's also a pronounced element of classic Oz sarcasm in the toilet wall treatment of Canberra's finest graffiti allusions to Billy McMahon's extraordinary aural flappers and Margaret Whitlam's penchant for kick-starting jumbo jets, for example. (*?? - Ed*) Australia's most notable work of graffiti, however, was the enigmatic *"Eternity"* inscription which turned up all over Sydney written in a flowing artistic hand (until the untimely death of its author recently). The *"Eternity"* graffiti was one of those dedicated, unrecognised artists who prove the truth of the assertion that, *"As graffiti is done neither for personal acclaim nor financial reward it must be the purest form of art"*. (The latter statement appeared as graffiti on a toilet wall in Kingston, UK).



"Graffiti Crimes" - K. Stanton, Mi-Sex

But in these troubled times of chemical solvents and unmarkable plastic paint, the work of the graffitist has been rendered ever more transitory and rare. Coupled with a concerted eradication programme on the part of municipal councils, graffiti has also been enervated by the type of gross commercialism that traditionally assails any popular expression of creativity. The extensive advertising campaign for Vat 69 booze, for example, was built around a graffiti motif with the classic spray paint scrawl effect. Also, the proliferation of the badges cult and "message" t-shirts, by which people have been encouraged to turn themselves into walking lavatory walls, have also done much to render graffiti redundant. We may never again see the likes of the gems that made natural functions such a meaningful experience for both sexes before graffiti fell victim to this insidious bland-out - classic one-liners like *"I'd give my right arm to be ambidexterous"*, *"Be alert, your country needs lerts"*, *"Genitalia is not an Italian airline"*, *"Help stamp out poverty, shoot a beggar today"* and, the all-time working man's graffiti gem, *"The difference between this office and a cactus plant is that the plant has pricks on the outside"*.

But even as graffiti becomes debased by commerciality and erased by authorities, the art of the wall-scrawl is mutating into bigger, bolder, more angry forms. As relatively wealthy young couples (with promising career potentials) move into once grimey inner-city suburbs for example, the spray can brigade pass by under cover of darkness and *psssst* warnings of *"Piss off Trendies"* all over their newly sandblasted brick walls.

But the biggest new background for the ancient art of graffiti is, in fact, billboards. Especially billboards rented by cigarette manufacturers and breweries. And there's no fun and games here, the midnight can-sprayers are out to hurt. Currently, in the inner city of Sydney it's rare to find a site that has escaped their attention. And such passion for *psssst-ing* proves ideological dedication, since the height of most billboards also requires the graffiti artist to bring along a step ladder. *"Superior Lung Cancer?"* is scrawled over a biliboard for Dunhill Superior Mild. *"Tar-Boro"* is how a Marlboro advert has been amended. *"Masturbation Fantasy No. 156"* defaces a *"Shake Hands With A Cold KB"* advert.

In the early '70s, the gays came out of their closets. In the late '70s the graffiti scrawlers came out of the loos. Did Kilroy really know what he was starting back in the '40s?

RAM ROCK POLL RESULTS

Poll Guide

Categories and winners are in bold type. Last year's winners (where applicable) are in italics at the end of each category. Tied place getters that could not be separated, even after a recount, are indicated by brackets.

Tales from from the Counting House

Whoooooo! And it's a crazy mixed up world we live in. Never has a RAM Rock Poll reflected such a diversity of opinion. And, despite 1979 being the year **Led Zep** finally *did* release an album, never has the split between Living Legends and Bright New Faces resulted in such mix'n'match totals. Like how about **Bruce Springsteen, John Lydon** and **Iggy Pop** tieing third place as **Best Male Singer**. How about **The Police** screaming up to challenge **Led Zep** as Best Group and then winning Best New Group by a margin of 4:1. On the other hand, **Led Zep** did pick up some lost ground. **Best Singer** came back to **Robert Plant**, and **John Bonham** and **John Paul Jones** had their thrones returned as Best Drummer and Keyboards Player.

Last year's astounding tie between Linda Ronstadt and Patti Smith for Best Female Singer was resolved in no uncertain fashion, by Blondie's **Debbie Harry**, who creamed this year's voting crop. And that's not all she creamed, not if you also take a 3:1 advantage in the Sex Object of the Year stakes.

There were numerous equal places in this poll, the most major being **The Angels** and **Cold Chisel** as **Best Oz Group**. Nerve straining, level pegging all the way. **Doc Neeson** pulled in a clutch more votes than Jim Barnes to be Best Loved Throat, while three time winner, **Jon English**, just edged out **Marc Hunter** for third.

Renee Geyer, despite a year of near total absence, handsomely won **Best Female Singer** over the much radio-played **Christie Allen**. But look out for **Annalise Morrow** from The Numbers screaming up the sidelines, closely followed by **Gillian Eastoe** and **Linda Nutter** from The Dugites.

Kevin Borich was settled upon as **Best Guitarist**, but with a much reduced margin after a year of overseas adventuring and re-consolidation. **John Annas** remained Most Favourite Person hidden behind the drum rise, while **Chris Bailey** screamed past rivals **Todd Hunter** and **Greg Macainsh** to snap up **Best Bassist**.

But it was the Sundry Section where block voting was most fragmented. There was a strong correlation between **Event of the Year** and **Non-Event of the Year**. The most *non*-album cover of the year (the brown paper bag holding *In Through The Out Door*) was the most voted for. **Life of Brian** romped it in as **Best Film**.

But you don't need *us* to list the vacillations of fortunes depicted in the accompanying lists. They're *your* lists, after all. Enjoy, ingest, settle arguments, start new ones.

The overall scores - **The Angels** were top Oz placegetters with four firsts (they won seven last year, but two of those categories, Best New Wave Single and Album, weren't represented this year).

And as for the international section, do you believe Comeback Of The Year? Led Zeppelin after scoring just four firsts last year (one was **No Zep Tour** as **Biggest Disappointment**) scooted in for *ten* No. 1's this poll.

Give that man back his fingers, the rock poll has been counted, the counting house slaves can go home.

Your Own Flesh and Blood

TOP OZ GROUP

Jim Barnes (pic: Ian Greene)

Doc Neeson (pic: Nick Udovic)

(COLD CHISEL
(THE ANGELS
Mi-Sex
(Jo Jo Zep
(The Sports
Mental As Anything
(The Angels)

BEST MALE SINGER
DOC NEESON
Jim Barnes
Jon English
Marc Hunter
Joe Camilleri
Steve Cummings
(Doc Neeson/Jon English)

BEST FEMALE SINGER

RENEE GEYER
Christie Allen
Marcia Hines
Annalise Morrow
(Gillian Eastoe
(Linda Nutter
Janie Clifton
(Renee Geyer)

BEST OZ GUITARIST
KEVIN BORICH
Ian Moss
Angus Young
(Martin Armiger
(Rick Brewster
Harvey James
(Kevin Borich)

BEST OZ KEYBOARDS
DON WALKER
Murray Burns
Paul Hewson
Jim Niven
Garth Porter
Joylene Hairmouth
(Don Walker)

BEST OZ BASS
CHRIS BAILEY
Todd Hunter
Greg Macainsh
Phil Small
(Tim Partridge
(John Power
(Rob Glover
(Greg Macainsh)

BEST OZ DRUMS
JOHN ANNAS
Buzz Throckman/Graham Bidstrup
(Gary Young
(Rob Hurst
Freddie Strauks
Phil Rudd
(John Annas)

BEST OZ NEW GROUP
MI-SEX
Mental As Anything
The Reels
The Radiators
Flowers
The Numbers
(The Angels)

BEST OZ HORNS
WILBUR WILDE
Joe Camilleri
Dan Janovic
(Joe Camilleri)

BEST OZ MISCELLANEOUS
NORMAN GUNSTON (harmonica)
Noel Crombie (spoons)
Richard Lee (violin)
(Norman Gunston)

BEST OZ PRODUCER
VANDA & YOUNG
Mark Opitz
Ross Wilson
(Vanda & Young)

BEST OZ SONGWRITER
DON WALKER
Dave Warner
Brewster/Neeson/Brewster
(Greg Macainsh/Dave Warner)

WORST OZ GROUP
SHERBET/HIGHWAY
The Angels

Inter-national Flesh and Blood

TOP O/S GROUP
LED ZEPPELIN
The Police
The Rolling Stones
Talking Heads
The Boomtown Rats
Kiss/Cheap Trick/The Who/XTC/
Elvis Costello
(Rolling Stones)

TOP TOURISTS
GRAHAM PARKER
Cheap Trick
XTC
Talking Heads
Elton John
Rockpile
(David Bowie)

WORST TOURIST
THE KNACK
Rockpile
Elton John
Demis Roussos
(Graham Parker
(Roger Voudouris

BEST NEW GROUP
THE POLICE
The B-52's
UK Squeeze
The Knack
The Boomtown Rats
Gary Numan/Tubeway Army

BEST MALE SINGER

ROBERT PLANT
David Bowie
Mick Jagger
(Iggy Pop
(Bruce Springsteen
(John Lydon
(David Bowie)

BEST FEMALE SINGER

(pic: Mike Putland/LFI)

DEBBIE HARRY
Ellen Foley
Linda Ronstadt
Siouxsie
Lene Lovich
Patti Smith
(Patti Smith/Linda Ronstadt)

BEST GUITARIST
JIMMY PAGE
Ritchie Blackmore
Keith Richards
Carlos Santana
Dave Edmunds
Angus Young/Ace Freehley/Eric Stewart
(Jimmy Page)

BEST KEYBOARDS
JOHN PAUL JONES
Rick Wakeman
Jon Lord
Elton John
Billy Joel
Bob Andrews
(Rick Wakeman)

BEST BASS
JOHN PAUL JONES
Gene Simmons
J.J. Burnell
Paul McCartney
Roger Glover
Bill Wyman
(John Paul Jones)

BEST DRUMS
JOHN BONHAM
Cozy Powell
(Stuart Copeland
(Charlie Watts
(Clem Bourke
(Keith Moon
(Keith Moon)

BEST HORN
CLARENCE CLEMMONS
Andy McKay
Raphael Ravenscroft
(Clarence Clemmons)

BEST MISCELLANEOUS
IAN ANDERSON
Mike Oldfield
Ray Cooper
(Ian Anderson)

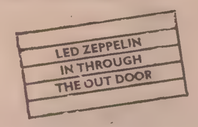
BEST PRODUCER
JIMMY PAGE
Nick Lowe
Mike Chapman
Eno
(Eno)

BEST SONGWRITER
PAGE/PLANT
Elvis Costello
Bob Geldof
(Bruce Springsteen)

WORST GROUP
RACEY
The Knack
The Bee Gees

Wax'n'trax

TOP ALBUMS



IN THROUGH THE OUT DOOR
(Regatta de Blanc
(No Exit
Dynasty
Graffiti Crimes
Armed Forces
(Face To Face)

TOP SINGLES
I DON'T LIKE MONDAYS
Message In A Bottle
Computer Games
Roxanne
Dream Police
Shadow Boxer
(Sultans Of Swing)

BEST OZ ALBUM
NO EXIT
Graffiti Crimes
Breakfast At Sweethearts
(Face To Face)

BEST OZ SINGLE
COMPUTER GAMES
The Nips Are Getting Bigger
Shadow Boxer

FAVE OLD ALBUM
LED ZEPPELIN IV
Living In The '70s
(Made In Japan
(Radios Appear

BEST FUSION ROCK
THE WALL - Pink Floyd
Crossfire
Weather Report
(Crossfire)

BEST DISCO SONG
NONE
Heart Of Glass
I Was Made For Loving You

BEST ALBUM THAT NEVER MADE THE CHARTS
IT'S ALIVE - THE RAMONES
All Mod Cons - The Jam
Eurka - Radio Birdman
Live Herald - Steve Hillage

MOST LIKED ALBUMS/ SONGS OF ALL TIME
STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN
Led Zeppelin IV
Never Mind The Bollocks
(Stairway To Heaven)

Sundries

EVENT OF THE YEAR
2SM CONCERT OF THE DECADE
Graham Parker Tour
Pooled Resources Tour

NON-EVENT OF THE YEAR
THE RAMONES TOUR
Countdown
Rockpile Tour/*In Through The Out Door*/
2SM Concert Of The Decade

RIP-OFF OF THE YEAR

ALBUM PRICE RISES
The Knack
Rockpile
(Outdoor Concerts)

WILD AND CRAZY GUY
IGGY POP
Iggy Jones
Doc Neeson
Ian Meldrum

MOST DISMAL PERSONALITY
IAN MELDRUM
Malcolm Fraser
Donnie Sutherland

ALBUM COVER OF THE YEAR
IN THROUGH THE OUT DOOR
No Exit
Candy-O
(Some Girls - Rolling Stones)

FASHION OF THE YEAR
BADGES
Punk
Leather pants
(Disco)

SEX OBJECT OF THE YEAR
DEBBIE HARRY
Marc Hunter
Gary Numan
(Debbie Harry)

ROCK JOCK
George Wayne (2JJ)
Lee Simon (3XY)
David Day (5KA)
Michael Finucan (4ZZZ)
Peter Sinclair (6IX)

BEST MOVIES
LIFE OF BRIAN
The Kids Are Alright
(Alien
(Mad Max

BEST TV SHOWS
NIGHTMOVES
Monty Python
Countdown
(Nightmoves)

COUPLE OF THE YEAR
Molly & Elton

WORD OF THE YEAR
Fuck

DEATH OF THE YEAR
Sid Vicious

DOES NEW WAVE MEAN ANYTHING, ANYMORE
Yes outvoted **No** by 7:1
(Best Word Answer - "To some it means money")

DOES DISCO EXIST ANYMORE?
No outvoted **Yes** by 2:1
(Best Word Answer - "Does money exist anym

SONOR

QUEEN HAVE A PERFECTLY WONDERFUL TIME

Queen's happy, rich guitarist Brian May.

QUEEN, eh...haven't heard from them for some time. Come to think of it, they just haven't wanted to speak to the press for a few years. Y'see, they thought the rock media was just full of nasty chaps. But STEVE GETT's a nice chap. And after he'd tracked QUEEN through three cities on their latest English tour, guitarist BRIAN MAY talked to him about being a huge success, rich and happy.

Queen had just left the stage and returned to their dressing rooms. It was the opening date of their current British tour. Fans were being ushered out of the massive hall at Birmingham's National Exhibition Centre, none being allowed to linger. Backstage, the atmosphere was tranquil in comparison with the excitement generated by the band over the previous two hours. The only movement came from the occasional roadie seen silently scurrying back and forth to collect equipment.

Some 45 minutes later, the calm was suddenly disrupted. The group were ready to depart, and immediately four chauffeurs rushed to their limousines. Guitarist Brian May was the first to emerge for a brief chat in the brightly-illuminated corridor. Roger Taylor and John Deacon followed next; then presently, Freddie Mercury in conversation with one of his entourage. He paused briefly: "Hello there! How are you?" Before I had time to reply he was gone, the modern world's Greta Garbo.

In Manchester, 48 hours later, a closer encounter with Freddie seemed on the cards. But it wasn't to be, for after the first of two engagements at the Apollo, he retreated to his hotel, accompanied by the band's personal manager. Communication between the group and the music press has been almost non-existent in recent years, and Freddie seemed wholeheartedly intent on maintaining the silence.

Several days later, in Newcastle, Brian found the time and the inclination to talk in depth. Observing them on the road over a period of a few days, it was plain that they seemed refreshed by being back in smaller venues, and clearly the guitarist felt satisfied with the way the concerts had gone so far.

"We thought it was important to actually visit people again," he explained. "Unless people see you in their home-town, it can almost seem that you don't exist. It's also a relief to us because, having done the big barns, it's nice to be somewhere where people can actually see and hear you.

"The advantage of what we're doing this time is that, because our sound and light systems are better than ever, we can really knock audiences in the stomach. The only real disadvantage is that not everybody can get to see us - but I think that those who do have a much better time. It's great fun, too, because the response is much more immediate and rewarding.

"In the larger venues you tend to lose that intimacy, but on the other hand you gain something else. You get a feeling of an event, and the more people there are, the greater the tension becomes. As a result it makes you work harder, particularly to reach the people at the back.

"We don't like to be artificially exclusive. I'd hate to get to the point where people who genuinely want to see us and who couldn't queue up for the tickets can't see us at all.

"The basic reason for doing it (*ie: work smaller venues over a more extended tour*) was to put ourselves in a totally different situation. It's a way of getting out of that rut of doing an album, touring Britain, then touring America, etcetera. We thought we'd try a change and see what came out. You have to make your own excitement after a while."

Queen's last studio album, *Jazz*, marked the return of Roy Thomas Baker as producer, but he hasn't been working on the new material.

"We're using a very good engineer called Mac, who was the resident engineer at Munich's Musicland, and he's worked with a lot of major bands. We found that we developed a great relationship with him because he does everything differently from what we've grown accustomed to.

"We got to know Roy too well, so it was very good to go in with this other guy. Even elementary things like miking up my amps, which all the people we've worked with in the past have tended to accept, he felt I was doing the wrong way. I recoiled in horror and agreed to try it his way. Although I discovered that I didn't actually like the way he did it to begin with, we came to a compromise which did in fact add something. I've had a lot of fun working with him, and that's one example. He's not afraid to make criticism.

"That's also been a problem for us, because we found - without at first realising it - that when people regard you as a successful group, they get afraid to say things. Eventually you find that everyone around you is telling you what you want to hear."

Success may well have its drawbacks, but it does of course have numerous advantages, particularly in terms of finance. When they had completed the *Jazz* album, for example, Queen almost immediately bought Mountain Studios in Switzerland, where it was recorded.

Brian explained how the acquisition occurred: "We liked the studio and the location very much, and after making *Jazz* we said, as a joke, 'Do you want to sell it?' The lady who runs the place told us that the owners were, in fact, thinking of selling it, because it was making a loss. We finally met the guys who owned it - it was partly Swiss and partly Dutch owned - who weren't really interested in the recording side and just had it as an investment, which wasn't making money for them. We sat down and came to the conclusion that it wasn't making money because they weren't committed enough to running it as a studio which serves people's needs. So we made them an offer, and eventually we bought it.

"What we're trying to do is improve it in as many ways as we can. The first thing we did was to lower the prices - because it was very expensive, which I think put it out of the reach of people in England, especially as Switzerland is an expensive place to live anyway. We've arranged an accommodation system whereby if people go out there we can put them up in old-style Swiss chalets. It's great - you can have a really good time there. I shall unashamedly plug it!"

So why, in that case, had they chosen to record most recently in Munich, rather than their studios? Brian smiles, with evident self-satisfaction: "It was booked at the time - I'm glad to say!"

Most of the money from the studio has been generated back into activities, such as tours and films. Queen were, of course, one of the first bands to produce a successful video for TV, when they made the memorable film for *Bohemian Rhapsody*. It's a field which still interests them, but Brian agreed that it has taken musicians a long time to come to terms with the medium and take advantage of it.

"Everyone thought that the *Bohemian Rhapsody* film was a huge production, but it was actually shot in only four hours. It was really easy to do, and since then we've spent a lot of time on films that probably weren't as good and certainly didn't get the exposure. The video world is very much a logical extension, and there are some great ones coming out.

"The Boomtown Rats' one was excellent - in fact, there are a lot of parallels between the Rats' development and ours. It's fascinating to watch what they're going through as an observer. Their music, their relationship with the press and their live shows - they've had to get into big production quickly. I like them very much. Success with singles has given them the scope to sit down and dictate their own terms."

Queen's relationship with the music press has been rather uneasy over recent years, and it was interesting to hear Brian's explanation of the band's attitude to what is, after all, just a link between the musicians and their fans.

"We found that it wasn't doing us any good. You tend to get bitten a lot of times, and naturally you become very shy. The habit dies hard. Fred's been bitten more than most because he's up there at the front, so he tends to get most of the stick. I've always talked to people wherever possible, but I've been taken for a ride many times. In the end, we found that it was easiest for us not to talk to people, and that's why there have been no interviews for quite a while.

"These days I get more angry about the way other people are treated, rather than us. I've come to terms with the press - basically they just don't like what we stand for. They say that we've gone commercial, but the truth is that we simply sell more records (in America) now. Nothing's changed in the way that we write.

"Funnily enough, I heard Johnny Rotten on the radio the other day, who's a fine example of someone who was well treated by the press, which put him in a certain position, and then inevitably they turned on him. The same thing happened to us."

At the moment Queen have no manager, handling everything themselves since breaking their relationship with John Reid, Elton John's manager. Despite the added burdens, it's obvious that this is the way they prefer it.

Brian explained: "We think it's far better to deal with things ourselves. We still have people working for us, but in the end everything comes back to the band. At times there've been difficulties and there's been a strain because you get a polarisation within the group in any situation where there is a choice of what to do. In fact I think we were in real danger of splitting up when the John Reid situation was getting sticky."

In the New Year, Queen will return to the studios to complete the new album, which is set for summer release. Brian strongly denies the constant rumours of strife within the band, and, having watched them on this tour, they *seem* as enthusiastic as ever, particularly in small venues like Manchester Apollo and Newcastle City Hall. They hardly look in real danger of splitting.

"The best vehicle for each of us is the group," Brian emphasised. "We gain far more by sticking together than by breaking away. Perhaps we'd gain freedom that way, but we'd be losing the vehicle at the same time. We have an equilibrium, and we know each other very well. We can normally predict what each other will say in most situations, but we also know that there are certain grounds not to be trodden on. So we keep out of each other's private lives, because we're all very different. Certainly, at the moment, there's no strain in the band whatsoever.

"I'm extremely happy to be doing what I'm doing at the present. It feels more or less the same as it did when we first did it. And I'm sure that Queen will last for as long as we feel that it's doing something worthwhile."

THE DEFINITIVE TALKING HEADS PRIMER?

David Byrne

Tina Weymouth

Chris Frantz

Jerry Harrison (all pix: Linda Nolte)

Nick Kent falls so much in awe of David Byrne from Talking Heads he can't decide whether the man is a butterfly dreaming he is a man, or a man dreaming he's a butterfly. While musing, he delivers the in depth run through on the three T.H. albums and lets Byrne deliver himself from his own cocoon.

A hire car draws up at an address in Soho, and three members of Talking Heads troop into the Cine-Lingual building, Berwick Street.

Tina Weymouth enters at a smart, no-nonsense pace, her diminutive figure swathed in army fatigues, a khaki GI Joe cap holding up her shoulder length blonde tresses. Husband Chris Frantz follows a couple of yards behind, a good-natured grin creasing his 'pleasant' features for the benefit of the custodians at the door. Finally comes Jerry Harrison, and the consensus of opinion down in Studio Two is that the projectionist should get down to business 'toot sweet', the fourth T.Head, David Byrne, having been present and correct well prior to his comrades' entrance.

What follows is a 35-minute documentary on Talking Heads filmed in and around their New York headquarters. By TV rock documentary standards it's an exceptionally well thought-out study of a band who both transcend and confuse the orthodox media overview of rock. Instead of some hideous macho talk-over voice providing a cliche-ridden narrative, the group members are allowed to speak for themselves, whilst the programme also affords the viewer some intriguing glimpses into the band's rehearsal procedure and composer David Byrne's mode of song construction.

To define it as compulsory viewing for T.Heads fans would be an understatement. The camera flashes through myriad ephemera: scrap-book snaps of the pre-Heads congregate, Byrne and Frantz's Artistics/Austistics; grainy photos of Byrne, Frantz and Weymouth in their Rhode Island School of Design (RISD) days; the *Village Voice* cover of Talking Heads at their third ever gig that set things in motion, with the headline **"Tired Of Glitter? The Conservative Impulse of the New Rock underground"**; plus everything that came after, whilst one of the four members provides a sharply-paced commentary for these formative years.

Moving on up, next it's the band getting down to business in their rehearsal loft, building on a song, shaping, defining, relentlessly scything down the arrangement to an angular dagger-like sharpness. Another section has Byrne seated in his apartment with a pocket-sized cassette recorder, humming stray melody lines and explaining how the songs for the *Fear Of Music* album came about mostly from rehearsal sessions such as the one filmed; ideas would develop or appear from out of the air, forcing Byrne to relay his melody ideas onto cassette in this primitive fashion as quickly as possible and later work up chord sequences to complement the tune.

This, above all, is the documentary's real ace up the sleeve. The film crew caught the band just at that vital period when the songs and music for *Fear* were being conceived. Thus one gets a sharp focus profile on Byrne, globules of sweat running down his taut, glazed-eyed face to his chin, where they drip one after the other almost in time to a formative version of *Life During Wartime* as he sings lyrics which are just three quarters complete.

Also, the director's choice of interviewing the four members separate from one another - using the same environment every time - makes for a fine study in contrasts. While Tina Weymouth is tense, close to abrasive, with the vaguest hint of cynicism, husband Frantz slices his views on the band with a healthy sense of humour. Both of them address the subject of the band image - or lack of same - with playful snipes at cliched rock'n'roll uniform stance; Weymouth wittily mocks the Robert Plant bare chest brigade whilst Frantz declares that Talking Heads' visual anonymity is a boon compared to everyone from Kiss to "The Clash who, I guess, reckon they have to dress up as urban guerillas every time they walk out the door."

Jerry Harrison is level-headed, best able to provide an overview of the band because he was the last to join.

And David Byrne? Well, David Byrne is, as usual, the oddball: selfconscious and clumsy one moment, erudite the next but inevitably, making some ridiculous observation one can't help guffawing out loud at.

Whilst the other three seem oblivious to the camera's intrusion, Byrne is obviously nervous, uncomfortable having to define himself and his work. The classic moment of Byrne's verbal awkwardness comes when, presumably having been asked some question about his current environment, New York - the city he moved to six years ago - he states, the tone of his voice sounding more than ever marooned irreconcilably between naive bemusement and half-hearted self-assertion: *"I really like New York. It's that kind of place where you see anything happen, y'know. Just looking out the window, you see people, uh, falling over! Yeah, people fall over all the time in New York. No one gives a damn. It's great."*

Some 20 minutes later the lights go on and Jerry Harrison, seated beside Byrne, chides him affectionately about the remark whilst over in another corner one of the band members scowls at having such a 'dumb' quote appear in a film concerning the group they are a party to. Byrne, mildly bemused by it all or maybe slightly embarrassed, just grins sheepishly for a second and then forgets all about it.

Ok, so the album *Fear Of Music* didn't go mega platinum the first month of its release. In fact it didn't even make the Top 100 list of charting albums in Oz for 1979. Even though the band previewed many of the toons when they toured here earlier last year. But make no mistake, 1979 has been Talking Heads' most lucrative year to date.

The album's disquieting tonal quality, bizarre conceits and uneasy listening somehow still managed to grant it a cosy location in the lower reaches of the American Top 30 whilst affording it across-the-board rave reviews.

Fear Of Music is in fact a grand departure from the previous two Talking Heads albums, *77* and *More Songs About Buildings And Food*. The latter pair, although different in a number of key respects that arguably have most to do with a change of producer - Tony Bongiovi handled *77* while *Buildings* saw the commencement of a most fruitful alliance with Brian Eno - are tied together by one key factor in that, as Byrne himself only too readily admits, "The first two albums featured and consequently used up all the songs I'd written within a certain space of time. I had absolutely nothing left in reserve for *Fear Of Music* and therefore had to get to grips with composing a whole new set of songs."

Listening to the three records certainly bears this point out. On *77* Byrne's melodies are more expansive, with songs like *The Book I Read, Pulled Up* and *Happy Day* bristling with strong hook-lines, whilst the Frantz-Weymouth rhythm section, having not yet fully developed into the earth-shudderingly functional power they now are, were still getting over the restriction of having once been two-thirds of a three-piece band and were content to work on their personalised retreading of the band-and-drums interplay notable on the Al Green records they used to practice from ceaselessly. These factors, along with producer Bongiovi's inability to capture the band as a fully interlocking four-piece (although Jerry Harrison's extra textures on keyboards and second guitar had already been tightly meshed into the band's live sound, his contributions were virtually ignored on the first album), provided the inquisitive listener with a debut album spotlighting Byrne's quirky song structures and lyrics. Mated to a pleasantly bouyant rhythm section, it made for a marketable coalition of left-field disco and agreeable new wave: an utterly superficial conclusion, of course, but in an industry where labels seem all-important, an equation needed to be formulated.

The stand-out track on *77* was *Psychokiller* which, although Byrne shrugs off the contention that the song has since become a proverbial albatross around the group's neck, has certainly granted many reviewers the perfect vehicle for nailing Talking Heads to the psycho-rock mast-head.

"*Psychokiller* was the first song I ever wrote," remarks Byrne, when the subject is broached. "It was sometime in 1973, I guess, because Chris (Frantz) and I had got this band called The Artistics together. Later we changed to The Autistics...uh, because somebody, I think, misunderstood one of us when we told them our name." He gives a typcial self-effacing chuckle. "Oh yeah, and the other guitarist...there were two guitars, bass and drums and the guitarists were me and this other guy who *was* autistic, so that sort of stuck. Unfortunately.

"No, we didn't look that much different than we do now. Maybe a little more concerned with a, uh, visual thing but nothing really striking. We didn't wear platform boots or make-up, which I seem to recall being kind of popular at the time. Songs? Oh, we did...umm let's see, there were some Smokey Robinson songs we did. Things like *Tears Of A Clown* and *My Baby Must Be A Magician*. I think we did *The Love I Saw In You Was Just A Mirage* as well, now I recall. Then there were *1-2-3 Red Light*, and this old 1910 Fruitgum Company song which we carried through to playing at early Talking Heads' dates. *96 Tears*? Yeah, we played that too, I think. *Psychotic Reaction* we definitely played.

"But *Psychokiller* was the first song I actually ever wrote. What inspired it was...well, Alice Cooper was really big then and I just thought it'd be interesting to do a song in something approaching that mock-ghoulish vein he was pumping but give certain twists. Like, Alice Cooper had all these safety gauges worked out so that it couldn't connect with anything dangerous. It was all 'Its OK folks, it's only a show'. I just liked the idea of writing a song that was more...*real*."

In the last count, Byrne's attempt at trumping Cooper's theatrics worked only too successfully. *Psychokiller* quickly became Talking Heads' most requested item even in their earliest days.

This was in the late summer of 1975, approximately two years since Byrne's odd-ball behaviour got him expelled from the RISD in Providence. He was studying a function design programme known as Bauhaus Theory plus a conceptual arts course, but "felt only a frustrated disdain for the elitist streak predominant in the whole art scene"; a disdain which manifested itself in Byrne, the rebellious campus eccentric, on one occasion, shaving his hair and beard off on stage accompanied by an accordionist and a showgirl displaying Russian cue cards. (*That showed 'em! - Ed*). His ultimate recourse to break away from the elitist stance was to compile questionnaires as a way of gaining direct feedback. One particular questionnaire he instigated as a way to try and compose the perfect pop/rock song caused him to be viewed as a worthless eccentric who had to be expelled.

The realities of expulsion either meant returning to Baltimore, his birth-place and the city he was brought up in, or venturing on to pastures new. As the former was a dreary, spineless burg - when I ask whether Randy Newman's song about the place being desolation personified was fact or fiction, Byrne mutters, "Well he's never been there. How does he know it's not even worse?" - a journey to Manhattan's Village area seemed preferable. Fellow one-time RISD students Chris Frantz and Tina Weymouth arrived some short while later and, Frantz having drummed for The Artistics, he, Byrne and Weymouth - still a complete novice in playing bass guitar - banded together under the moniker Byrne had latched onto during his stint of video studies, Talking Heads.

All too aware that the 'satin and tat' look personified by the N.Y. Dolls was over, but similarly unwilling to rip their clothing like Messrs Hell and Verlaine, Talking Heads' image was bizarre simply because they possessed no image whatsoever beyond their wholesome collegiate casual wear.

With such a disarmingly clean-cut visual, Talking Heads immediately stood out. Tina Weymouth initially possessed a look of total vulnerability centering around a pair of incredibly frightened-looking eyes, while Byrne was the victim of an overbearing stage-fright which forced his already somewhat manic temperament to go sky-diving way over the top into a demented exhibition of vocalising on the verge of hysteria, either cracking up altogether or else straining like a drowning man to hit the right pitch, inevitably going about as well as a blind man on a rifle range.

His songs however were undeniably strong, with *Psychokiller* gaining an added drama from his traumatised vocals. Indeed, barring maybe two or three numbers all the songs gracing *77* and *Buildings/Food* were written over a period of time that could well be no longer than two years, all told. Certainly items from *Buildings* like *The Girls Want To Be With The Girls, I'm Not In Love, Found A Job* and *Thank You For Sending Me An Angel* were being performed before Jerry Harrison, former Modern Lover keyboard player arrived to finally "make it possible" according to Byrne, "to fill in the missing colours to what had previously only really been sketches. With Jerry, we became a real band."

Talking about that first cargo of songs, Byrne claims that there was no set pattern to the way they were conceived.

"It's not a case where the title always comes first or the idea comes first or..." he ponders the question for a moment. "My sole consideration overall - the main thing which I could look back and say yes, this is true about the numbers, is the fact that in terms of the lyrics, I wanted to strip everything down to the level

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Chief Talking Head David Byrne in the act of traumatising his vocal chords.

of...of it being nothing more than what one hears in a conversation. I felt lyrics were becoming long-winded and pointless, that they needed to be far more to the point. It wasn't so much a case of what was being said, so much as the way it was being put across. I couldn't stand all the unnecessary embellishments, the idea of lyrics as poetry that demanded reams and reams of verses, most of them superfluous or just pointless."

On the subject of potentially autobiographical aspects in his lyrics, Byrne, as usual when talking about his work, is vague - not in a manner that gives you the feeling he's holding anything in particular back or attempting to be somewhat 'enigmatic' in that hideously self-conscious manner that many self-appointed 'composers' try for. Instead he just shrugs almost apologetically.

"No, I can't say...well perhaps certain songs have been triggered by me experiencing something and thinking about what might occur if it were more traumatic and I had a particular neurosis or...It's just hard to pinpoint anything, though. Most of the time I see them more as exercises."

Exercises in what? Gradually Byrne becomes more expansive.

"In...in relating differing points of view, I guess, more than anything else. Like you can take virtually any one of those songs in which I'm playing a character who's narrating a certain view-point and you can be sure to find another song of mine which has someone taking exactly the opposite stand. There's the guy in *Don't Worry About The Government* who's a real suburban homebody type and then there's the guy on the plane in *The Big Country* who has nothing but disgust for that life-style. Or the guys singing about how great love is and then the singer of *I'm Not In Love* who's... yeah, he's a strange one, but whether you want to think he's duped himself into feeling like that or not, that's his statement. Y'know - *'There'll come a time when we won't need love'*.

"Even *Psychokiller* kind of has an opposite in *Life During Wartime*. In *Psychokiller* the guy singing it is flipping out from an internal crack-up. He's hysterical, but his hysteria is all to do with this fuse that's blown in his brain. The guy I depict in *Life After Wartime* is a very rational type. When I wrote that, I was thinking not so much of a World War Three thing so much as a terrorist attack - a Baadar-Meinhof situation, that would have escalated into pretty much civil war. And the narrator is just very logically running down a list of things - materialistic stuff that suddenly means nothing when a real state of emergency is declared.

"It's like...I'm not taking a stance, saying y'know, 'war is bad'. Who needs to be told that again? It'd be a joke to write some cheap moralistic crap about how war is bad."

That's a good example of why you rarely - if ever - take a direct moral stance in your songs. Have you ever felt the urge to do that?

"Hmmmm...not really. I don't really see how what I feel is right and wrong is of any great use to anyone. I'm more interested in expressing a point of view. Different points of view."

Surely by now you must be really fed up with people who keep harping back to *Psychokiller*. There was one review of *Fear Of Music* for example, where the critic spent over half the piece trying to persuade the reader that Byrne *"has gradually assumed the role of 'Psychokiller's narrator - quietly berserk, just on the edge of cracking and...ready to squeeze a pup into a bloody pulp in an instant"*.

"Yeah, I read that review," Byrne remarks, fairly unmoved. "It's unfortunate that certain people need to pinpoint me in this one-dimensional way. Sometimes I wonder if I'm not at fault somewhere, but then again I don't...There's humour in some of those songs. *Animals* is kind of funny, I'd like to think."

I remark Byrne sounds like a General Patton type gone completely off the rails when doing that particular song. He smiles at the remark before turning pensive. When Byrne is silent, it seems like he's miles away somewhere, lost in some semi-conscious hinterland where such tasks as defining his lyrics and his music are as absurd as he probably in fact thinks they are. I recall the only previous time I'd encountered him in an interview situation, when the three other members of the band were present and Byrne was painfully uncomfortable - a state of affairs made all the more excruciating at times when he'd attempt an explanation of sorts regarding some detail in one of his songs, only to be greeted by somewhat derisive chuckles from other members. Tina Weymouth would virtually scold him like a mentally defective son for his inability to articulate logically for the band. Group interviews are now virtually a thing of the past.

A similar source had also hinted that Talking Heads were due to take a lengthy sabbatical, commencing very, very soon. No permanent break-up, mark you. Just an extended holiday for a band who've been relentlessly working for the past three years.

To resume communication, I half-jokingly ask what happened to the vocal coaching lessons he'd been intent on taking when we last spoke.

"Oh yes!" His memory is jogged. "They weren't really very successful. The coach kept wanting me to sing *Send In The Clowns* and somehow I didn't see how..." Tapering off, he chuckles at the absurdity of the predicament.

Departure time hastens. A sound-check needs to be dealt with. Wandering off toward the tube station, I ask Byrne if he ever considers seriously working at some other vocation. Perhaps writing fiction or painting? Design after all was his previous topic for study...

"No, I never think about that." His reply is resigned but firm.

We say our goodbyes and he disappears quickly, quietly, leaving me to mull over various couplets of Byrne's. *"Say something once/Why say it again"* related perfectly, for example, although in an infinitely more passive fashion than the *Psychokiller* narrator would have us believe. I keep recalling this gangly figure as the hyper-misogynist of *I'm Not In Love*, declaring in a bout of hysterical self-assertion: *"Respect my opinions/They will be respected someday"*. Just recalling Byrne's physical form, watching his self-conscious, finger-nail biting edginess and low-profile gait, usually scuppered by some ridiculous act of clumsiness, it simply doesn't fit. Where does this alternative David Byrne come from?

A glimpse at that answer explodes when David Byrne takes the stage with Talking Heads and his performer's persona takes over.

There are no less than three performances scheduled for Talking Heads the week I interview Byrne, and even though I get to see only one where the acoustics tend all too often to muffle the rhythmic stab of the band in full kinetic flight, the gig is still extraordinary.

The sound juddering out of the PA, even in its muffled form, possesses a dagger-like precision, Frantz holds down a perfect spartan pulsebeat whilst Byrne's guitar slices out relentless stabbing rhythms connecting perfectly with Weymouth to his left, an absoultely immaculate bass-player who has developed a style of her own that can serve to provide melody or underplay the rhythm maelstrom at any given moment. Meanwhile Jerry Harrison, directly to Byrne's right, adds just the right brush strokes and aural splashes on electric organ, or fires off a perfect guitar-run counterpoint to Byrne's rhythm. Everything is locked in tight yet never feels constrictive, always allowing for tempo deviations, be it the numbing poignancy of *Heaven* or the sudden reappearance of the vintage *Love Comes To Building On Fire*.

And it's here, amidst the taut, machete-like slashes and automaton rhythms, where the perfect new music rock band plays, utilising the perfect ratio of tension and balance for maximum impact - it's here that David Byrne is set free from the ridiculous business of attempting to articulate all the whys and wherefores of something he really doesn't need to explain, where his clumsiness is transformed into an immaculate state of total abandon, where the characters even he probably wonders about sometimes, come to life and declare their intentions, neuroses, secret passions, hopes and fears through his haunted, edgy croon.

After hours spent attempting to gauge the man via the simple but ultimately fairly pointless mode of probing questions, stilted dialogues, etc , the most salient feeling I'd experienced throughout our two lengthy encounters had been one of distance. Now my subject is on stage - on that precious turf where he somehow feels invulnerable, carefree, able to pour it all out - and I've gained a hard-focus proximity, a grandstand view of the proverbial 'big picture'.

When the last note is struck, Byrne's body suddenly stiffens, his mouth uttering a curt, almost falsetto-ish "Goodnight", and the transformation back to awkwardness has occurred once more. Me, I'm left wondering where all those characters he summoned forth go to. After the dance.

THE JOY OF BEING JUST JOE

Like The Police, he's been fingered as "The acceptable face of New Wave". Which is not really a compliment, not when being chic means being Streeter-Than-Thou. But Joe Jackson knows what he's about. And Charles Shaar Murray hopes he never changes.

A round head it is, something like the first piece of representational art produced by an imaginative, precocious toddler: surmounted by a short dishevelled coxcomb, blessed with features both mildly cynical and mildly petulant.

Both in location and appearance, the head is almost comically out of place. The face don't fit. Neither does its owner. The body is concealed by other bodies, so its clothing is a matter of purest conjecture. What might it be? A smart, sharp mod suit perhaps, but combined with a bootlace tie and a pair of brothel creepers in some ghastly shade or other...*Oh shit! Blown it again!*

And who might this apparition be, this unsavoury stylistic melange, this mobile atrocity, this affront to tribal conventions? Academic, my dear Watson. This is - catcalls from the gods, please - The Acceptable Face Of The New Wave, The Name To Drop And Then Step On. The man synonymous with Profit Without Honour.

This is no ordinary Joe. In America he couldn't go out and stand in the middle of a crowd to watch one of his favourite bands, like Talking Heads or The Clash or The Ramones, without dingbats bozoing up to him and demanding autographs or other attentions. Here he can, because this is the UK and we're all that much cooler about celebs and it's much hipper to spot them and then ignore them over here. Anyway, while this man is Superstar Central over in the land of the fistful of dullards, on his own turf he's just another *schlubbo* with a couple of albums out, one hit single and - maybe - another on the way. Not A Spokesman for A Movement, not a leader.

Just a Jackson, in fact. Honest Joe Jackson, a man who has managed to squeeze his music past the filter that American pop programmers set up to keep anything that isn't boring off the airwaves - music that's lean, driving, witty, intelligent, committed and even crisp and sharp, fact! - and gets nothing but the hip sneer and the cold shoulder for his pains.

Tense and nervous and he can't stand still. Joe Jackson - *qu'est que c'est?*

At A&M Records' London office, Joe splays his bootlace physique across a sofa, surrounded by the debris of a million sandwiches. Plates of crisps wilt around him, leaves of lettuce look naked and lonely on napkins. He'd mentioned - a few interviews earlier in the day - that he vaguely fancied a sandwich and - hopla! - a banquet arrived. Star treatment! An embarrassment of riches.

Joe Jackson is a man in a strange position. "Our second album's better than our first, right? It has to go gold, because if it doesn't sell as many copies as the first one, then you feel disappointed - Maybe we could deliberately make a third album that's so awful that no one will play it and then we could go back to cult status again..."

Does Joe feel more at ease as a 'star' than he did as just another schnook waiting in people's anterooms?

"For a start, I don't think of myself as a star."

Nobody who's any good does. How about as someone considered a star by others?

"That's another weird situation. The fact that I've been pretty successful with the album and everything doesn't make me a star."

What would?

"For me, nothing, because I don't see myself as a star. I don't want to be a star. A star is someone who rides around in a limo and says, 'Here you are, sonny' as he hands down an autograph from the heights of his pedestal. I'm not trying to say that I'm just an ordinary bloke who goes down the pub and eats Telford's meat pies or something, because I don't want to be ordinary and work in a factory, but I want to be successful at it. At the same time I don't want to fit into that concept of being a 'star'. There are just certain things I don't want to do and I don't want to be."

You could do worse than check out *Don't Wanna Be Like That* from Joe's *I'm The Man* album at this point and hear Jackson deliver several crushing body-blows to the US concept of 'Rock Stardom' as an amplication of his views on the subject.

"That song is a sort of statement on that subject. It's the theme song for that album just as *Look Sharp!* was the theme song for the first one. In some ways I do feel more at ease now, in others I don't. It has good and bad points. Back in the dim and distant days when I was just an ordinary mortal" - he grimaces with ironic distaste - "I was broke all the time and I felt I wasn't getting the recognition that I felt I deserved, but at least I could go into a pub and have a beer without someone coming up to me and hassling me, and I felt free to make mistakes: at least I could make mistakes without a million people watching me.

"Hey, did you know that we played a gig with The Ramones in Detroit?"

Were they hard to follow?

Jackson grins. "For most people, yes. We weren't necessarily *better* than them, but there was no question of the fact that we were able to follow them. It was interesting meetin' them because I always thought that The Ramones couldn't actually speak. I thought all they could say was *'One-chew-tree-faw!'* and that if you said, 'Hello Joey', he'd just say *'One-chew-tree-faw!'* and shake your hand. I was amazed to discover that they could actually speak reasonably intelligently."

Well, it is a fairly closely guarded secret...

"I love The Ramones because Joey Ramone is the only lead singer with a band in the world who is actually taller, skinnier and more sickly looking than I am."

Unlike Da Ramones, Joe and his trio of accomplices - guitarist Gary Sanford, drummer Dave Houghton and secret weapon Graham Maby on bass - are considered part of that amorphous and vilified bunch generally referred to as The Respectable Face Of The New Wave, and boy, is Joe pissed off about that, or what? (*Clue*: it isn't 'or what'.)

"Yes. I consider that a very fucking shallow way of looking at it. I care about what *I'm* doing.

"What really pisses me off is that sometimes I listen to the radio in the States and I think *this is a load of crap* and then they play one of my songs and I think *great! what are they going to play after this?* and then it's Molly Hatchet or something. So obviously I think *fuck it! If they play my stuff, why can't they play The Clash?*

"To me, there isn't that much difference between what they do and what I do, but I was discussing this with a friend of mine and he said, 'Of course there's a difference! It may be similar in spirit, but you're more melodic'. That's just the point! They're playing me because I'm more melodic and not because of the spirit of it. They're not playing my stuff because of the feeling behind it."

But to go against that you'd have to deliberately...

"Write naff tunes. Which I ain't gonna do. I just write the way that seems to be the best and most natural way for me to write, and I resent the way that people seem to think that...I read people saying 'Joe Jackson has cunningly and cleverly placed himself between new wave and pop' and all this sort of shit. When I did the first album I obviously had no idea that it was going to be a success in the States. I couldn't sit down and write a song and think 'What's going to make it in the States? Ah yes, if I write this it'll go gold in the States'. It's incredibly silly...I don't know how people think my mind works."

So how *does* your mind work?

"Well...I've no idea. No, all of that really does piss me off. Radio in America is just fucked, and the fact that they're playing my stuff should be something positive, a step forward."

Yeah, but The Knack say the same thing.

"That's what I mean! I get the feeling that all these people from radio stations went off and huddled in a corner and thought that they had to play something a little more hip and they finally voted on Joe Jackson. My stuff is being played, but it's just sandwiched in between Foreigner and Kansas and the usual crap."

Thereby damned by association.

"What's that mean?"

Well, it's the opposite of 'credibility by association'.

"Yeah, people say 'Soandso's not big in the States. That's because he's fucking great. Joe Jackson's big in the States so he's obviously a prat'."

What with all this 'melodic' talk flying back and forth, does Jackson think that the actual *content* of his songs is ignored?

"I think sometimes people miss the point, but that's something I have to accept, that not everyone's going

to get into what I'm saying. I think if anyone takes the trouble to actually *listen to* the songs it should be clear enough. They're not obscure songs, and to me they're pretty self-explanatory. I try to say exactly what I want to say in the clearest way that I can. It just comes down to the extent to which a person is prepared to listen to it. If they don't even bother to listen to the lyrics and just think it's a nice tune and tap their feet, then that's fine. You can't really expect a lot from people, I suppose.

"All I can do is make the best possible record that I'm capable of making, and if people don't want to play it then that's too bad, innit? My theory about singles is that you just bung 'em out until one sticks. I honestly don't know what the mass of the singles-buying public is gonna buy. I can't look at 12 of my songs and know which one is going to be a hit.

"The actual choice of single I leave up to the record company. They're all my songs, so it's not gonna hurt me. I thought *I'm The Man* was the one, but the people who play 'em and buy 'em disagreed. I used to pick 'em, but I've been proved wrong a couple of times.

"At the moment, the one people really know us for is *Is She Really Going Out With Him?*, so if we were going to have another hit, I'd like it to be with something as different as possible. We were hoping that *I'm The Man* would do it and it didn't, so what do you?

"I'm just basically concerned with keeping hold of whatever it was that I had when I started - which is a very clumsy way of putting it - but whatever integrity I've got, I want to keep hold of it. Basically, I do what I believe in and I've not compromised. I'm still doing what I wanna do and I feel that I know what I'm doing and I want to keep hold of that. What I observe in a lot of other people in my situation is that they *do* lose that. They become more and more and more drawn into the whole system of the trappings of stardom. They have less and less contact with what the music is actually all about, what the people who listen to it are all about.

"I don't have a circle of friends who are all rock stars and I hope I never do, because most of those sort of people are just fucking idiots, you know. I'd rather just go down the pub and talk to a normal person than sit by a swimming pool with Mick Jagger. Obviously, I wanna be successful so I don't have to do some shitty job for living when I think I've got the talent and determination to do something better. Wanting to be a success and wanting to be a star are two different things. It may be hard for some people to separate the two, but I know what I mean."

Joe Jackson is a man who can hold his head up proudly in the morning and not have to worry about whether his success is due to his good looks. It's due to his voice and his songs, and also it's due to the sound of his band. A thick, slamming bass and drum sound counterpointed with edgy splinters of guitar, Jackson's sound is sparse and elegant, kinetic rather than dense, and he sees no reason to add anything to it. If anything, he'd rather strip it down still further. He is not a man who awakes with sugarplums and horn sections dancing through his head.

"I don't want to expand the band, but I want to expand what the band can do. I've got some outrageous ideas for the third album, which I don't want to say too much about."

This is the one that returns you to cult status?

"Yeah, right. It's going to be completely unmusical. The more I get into it the more I realise what you can do with just a three-piece. It's not restrictive at all. You just have to use your imagination.

"Everyone seemed to think that I was going to play more piano on the second album, so I played less. The songs just didn't need it. I thought, okay, three musicians: there's not reason why they should all be playing at once. Why not have one song where you're accompanied solely by two bass guitars? I can play a bit of drums, the drummer plays a bit of bass...we could do a number with three harmonicas. Why does the drummer have to keep the off-beat on a snare drum? Why can't he do it on a Roto-tom?

"It just amazes me that so many people think that in order to expand and progress you've got to add more instruments, get the production more dense. The next album's gonna be far more sparse, have far more contrasts.

"The current album is the result of a year on the road, and it captures the feeling of live rock and roll with everybody bashing away, so we've done that. Now we're experimenting with...instead of putting more stuff *in*, we're leavin' it *out*."

Finding out how little you can have on a record and still have it function?

"Yeah, right. That's the whole trick of making a three-piece band sound like an orchestra. You can make it sound like a huge orchestra just by leaving stuff *out*."

Sounds like the concept of *non-soloing*, whereby if one instrument drops out the other two are automatically soloing.

"Yeah. I was searching for a word to describe it, and I think it's 'Unsatisfying'. It nags at you.

"It's meant to be unsettling, slightly disturbing, meant to make you sit up and think 'What the fuck's this?'...

There's a lot of good stuff about...this is another thing that irritates me. People think I'm so terribly middle-of-the-road in my tastes, and that in order to be cool you've got to be into Gang Of Four and Siouxsie And The Banshees and The Slits and The Pop Group...I mean, I was at the Royal Academy Of Music and I studied Berio and Penderecki, and it's not as if I can't understand it..."

Yeah. But Penderecki went terribly down-market after they used his stuff in *The Exorcist*...

"Sold out, didn't he? What a prat he turned out to be...Anyway, my mind is totally open to any music that's about, and there's some really good stuff happening at the moment. 'Course, there's a lot of naff stuff about too."

Jackson's current musical tastes still incline towards the home-made reggae compilations that he and his band travel with in the States and with which his American audiences are bombarded during the intervals at his gigs. One plan currently being chucked about is that A&M - a label with no background in reggae whatsoever - will licence and market a set of compilation albums which Jackson will assemble for them, and put a bit of push behind same in the States to engage the interests of those whose reggae grounding is limited to Marley and Tosh.

"Even if they've heard Marley and Tosh, they won't have heard Augustus Pablo or Joe Gibbs' *African Dub* or anything like that. So maybe if a few of them like what they hear they'll go and hassle their record shops and radio stations."

Has the American success of The Police - a band with what might be described as fairly upfront reggae influence - turned any American consumers on to Jah Music?

"No, not really. A little bit, maybe, but all that happens is that Americans say 'that's interesting, they're reggae-influenced'. It doesn't make them want to go out and buy reggae albums, I'm sure. That's not the way to do it. I think this idea we're working on, of A&M doing compilations, will do more for reggae than The Police have. A&M have no reggae background, so they're coming to me because I know a bit about it. It just needs someone to promote it in the right way, which is too big a subject for me to go into - I wouldn't know how to go about it.

"Maybe people aren't ever going to want reggae in the States and we're all wasting our time.

"I was thinking about who I actually wanted to meet, and I'd really like to get to know The Clash. I met Mick Jones once very briefly, but I really would like to meet Joe Strummer and have a chat with him, 'cos they're a band that I've always admired...despite me being The Acceptable Face Of The New Wave and middle-of-the-road, etcetera, etcetera.

"But I don't try to affiliate myself to a particular movement or get people to come to my gigs as total Joe Jackson fans, not liking anyone else and wearing whatever people are supposed to wear at Joe Jackson gigs. It's like the mod thing, which I think is great because I've always been basically a bit of a mod. This is basically a mod suit, but I wear brothel creepers with it. So what? I'm not going to worry about whether I should have two buttons or three on it.

"You know...I looked at myself in the mirror this morning and I just laughed."

Out of the room and into the corridor. Joe's girlfriend arrived to meet him quite a while ago, but she's been waiting *outside* while the interview finishes. Joe looks annoyed - as well he might be. I feel vaguely ashamed.

Star treatment. If that's what happens to stars, I hope Joe Jackson just stays a success.

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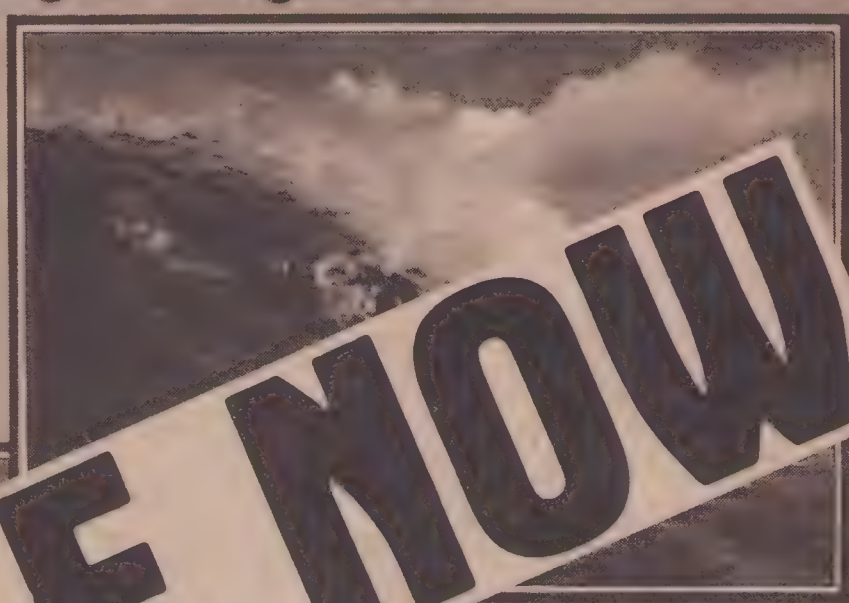

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I'M THE MAN

ALBUM OR
CASSETTE

OZ SINGLES

This Week	Last		
1	(1)	VIDEO KILLED THE RADIO STAR	The Buggles
2	(2)	DON'T STOP 'TIL YOU GET ENOUGH	Michael Jackson
3	(3)	COMPUTER GAMES	Mi-Sex
4	(6)	BABE	Styx
5	(4)	SURE KNOW SOMETHING	Kiss
6	(10)	MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE	The Police
7	(5)	DREAM POLICE	Cheap Trick
8	(9)	GIMME! GIMME! GIMME!	Abba
9	(7)	TUSK	Fleetwood Mac
10	(8)	NO MORE TEARS (ENOUGH IS ENOUGH)	Donna Summer and Barbra Streisand
11	(12)	CARS	Gary Numan
12	(21)	•PLEASE DON'T GO	KC & The Sunshine Band
13	(17)	DRIVER'S SEAT	Sniff 'n' The Tears
14	(20)	•CHOIR GIRL	Cold Chisel
15	(15)	WE BELONG TO THE NIGHT	Ellen Foley
16	(11)	I DON'T LIKE MONDAYS	The Boomtown Rats
17	(22)	•STAY WITH ME TILL DAWN	Judie Tzuke
18	(13)	GOOSE BUMPS	Christie Allen
19	(16)	THE DEVIL WENT DOWN TO GEORGIA	Charlie Daniels Band
20	(31)	•ESCAPE	Rupert Holmes
21	(14)	BOY OH BOY	Racey
22	(23)	SHAPE I'M IN	Jo Jo Zep and The Falcons
23	(18)	BORN TO BE ALIVE	Patrick Hernandez
24	(24)	I WAS MADE FOR LOVIN' YOU	Kiss
25	(19)	SAD EYES	Robert John
26	(38)	•RAINBOW CONNECTION	Kermit
27	(26)	THE SMURF SONG	Father Abraham
28	(28)	TI AMO	Umberto Tozzi
29	(25)	HEARTACHE TONIGHT	Eagles
30	( )	•C'MON AUSSIE C'MON (THE NEW ERA)	Mojo Singers
31	(40)	•WHATEVER YOU WANT	Status Quo
32	(27)	BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE	Australian Crawl
33	(36)	BETTER LOVE NEXT TIME	Dr. Hook
34	( )	•BLAME IT ON THE BOOGIE	Jacksons
35	(35)	SHE'S IN LOVE WITH YOU	Suzi Quatro
36	(33)	MAYBE	Thom Pace
37	(34)	COMIN' HOME	The Radiators
38	(32)	SUNBURN	Graham Gouldman
39	( )	OUT OF THE BLUE	The Angels
40	( )	LOVE WILL FIND A WAY	The Reels

OZ ALBUMS

This Week	Last		
1	(1)	ELO'S GREATEST HITS	ELO
2	(3)	DYNASTY	Kiss
3	(2)	BEE GEES GREATEST	Bee Gees
4	(8)	THE WALL	Pink Floyd
5	(6)	TUSK	Fleetwood Mac
6	(13)	•REGGATTA DE BLANC	The Police
7	(7)	DISCOVERY	ELO
8	(4)	ROD STEWART GREATEST HITS	Rod Stewart
9	(9)	THE LONG RUN	Eagles
10	(5)	SMASH AND GRAB	Racey
11	(12)	THE BEST OF KENNY ROGERS	Kenny Rogers
12	(10)	DREAM POLICE	Cheap Trick
13	(16)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Creedance Clearwater Revival
14	(11)	WET	Barbra Streisand
15	(14)	THE BEST OF THE SOLO ALBUMS	Kiss
16	(17)	ON THE RADIO	Donna Summer
17	(19)	NIGHTOUT	Ellen Foley
18	(26)	•OFF THE WALL	Michael Jackson
19	(18)	GRAFFITI CRIMES	Mi-Sex
20	(31)	•BACKSTAGE PASS	Little River Band
21	(25)	CORNERSTONE	Styx
22	(22)	LIVE RUST	Neil Young & Crazy Horse
23	(20)	GREATEST HITS VOL 2	Abba
24	(15)	GREATEST HITS 1972-1978	10cc
25	(21)	SLOW TRAIN COMING	Bob Dylan
26	( )	•THE BEST OF SKYHOOKS	Skyhooks
27	(24)	STORMWATCH	Jethro Tull
28	(28)	WHATEVER YOU WANT	Status Quo
29	(23)	ELVIS LOVE SONGS	Elvis Presley
30	(33)	LIFE OF BRIAN	Original Soundtrack
31	(30)	GET WET	Mental as Anything
32	(27)	THE FINE ART OF SURFACING	Boomtown Rats
33	(32)	HOT NIGHTS CITY LIGHTS	Various Artists
34	(39)	•THE PLEASURE PRINCIPLE	Gary Numan
35	(35)	JOURNEY THROUGH THE SECRET LIFE OF PLANTS	Stevie Wonder
36	(38)	THE FRED DAGG TAPES	Fred Dagg
37	( )	REACH FOR THE SKY	Apollo 100
38	(40)	THE VERY BEST OF NEIL DIAMOND	Neil Diamond
39	(37)	MARATHON	Santana
40	(29)	IN THROUGH THE OUT DOOR	Led Zeppelin

CHART

Pic: Paul Cox/BBC/LFI

In England, it was the year of **Blondie**. *They emerged with the top album and then topped the chart of artists with the highest score of success in the UK singles charts. In the singles' lists,* **Blondie** *were followed by* **Abba, Earth Wind and Fire, Chic, Gary Numan, The Police, Electric Light Orchestra, Village People, The Sex Pistols, Boney M, Roxy Music, Squeeze, The Bee Gees, Ian Dury,** *then,* **Racey** *trailing in at No. 15.*

In general, both disco and New Wave scored more positively in England than in Oz, (see the Australian Top 100 Albums and Singles in RAM No. 126). But while the UK market at least came to some meeting point with Blondie's 'Heart Of Glass', in Australia, strong showings from both Kiss and Racey indicated the young teen and sub-teen market are, once again, well on the way to determining sales trends.

The sleeper album of 1979, worldwide, was Supertramp's 'Breakfast In America', which bubbled into first place in Oz charts, and to No. 2 in England. It was also ELO's world chart year with Top 3 placings in Australia and England and Top 5 in America.

THE U.K. TOP 100 ALBUMS FOR 1979

1	PARALLEL LINES	Blondie
2	BREAKFAST IN AMERICA	Supertramp
3	DISCOVERY	Electric Light Orchestra
4	VOULEZ VOUS	Abba
5	I AM	Earth Wind & Fire
6	SPIRITS HAVING FLOWN	The Bee Gees
7	REPLICAS	Tubeway Army
8	MANILOW MAGIC	Barry Manilow
9	C'EST CHIC	Chic
	THE VERY BEST OF LEO SAYER	Leo Sayer
	OUTLANDOS D'AMOUR	The Police
12	ARMED FORCES	Elvis Costello
13	MANIFESTO	Roxy Music
14	DIRE STRAITS	Dire Straits
15	BEST DISCO IN THE WORLD	Various Artists
16	REGATTA DE BLANC	The Police
17	LAST THE WHOLE NIGHT THROUGH	James Last
18	NIGHT OWL	Gerry Rafferty
19	BARBRA STREISAND'S GREATEST HITS, VOLUME 2	Barbra Streisand
20	OFF THE WALL	Michael Jackson
21	THE BEST OF EARTH WIND & FIRE VOLUME 1	Earth Wind & Fire
22	BLONDES HAVE MORE FUN	Rod Stewart
23	FATE FOR BREAKFAST	Art Garfunkel
24	DO IT YOURSELF	Ian Dury & The Blockheads
25	COMMUNIQUE	Dire Straits
26	EQUINOXE	Jean Michel Jarre
27	EAT TO THE BEAT	Blondie
28	STRING OF HITS	The Shadows
29	THRE GREAT ROCK'N'ROLL SWINDLE	The Sex Pistols
30	ACTION REPLAY	Various Artists
31	STREET LIFE	The Crusaders
32	DON'T WALK BOOGIE	Various Artists
33	BRIDGES	John Williams
34	WINGS GREATEST	Wings
35	MARTY ROBBINS COLLECTION	Marty Robbins
36	LENA'S MUSIC ALBUM	Lena Martell
37	TUSK	Fleetwood Mac
38	THE PLEASURE PRINCIPLE	Gary Numan
39	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra
40	IN THROUGH THE OUT DOOR	Led Zeppelin
41	NEW BOOTS & PANTIES	Ian Dury & The Blockheads
42	GREASE	Soundtrack
43	BLACK ROSE	Thin Lizzy
44	ABBA GREATEST HITS, VOLUME 2	Abba
	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meatloaf
46	GREATEST HITS	10cc
47	LODGER	David Bowie
	20 GREATEST HITS	Three Degrees
49	DOWN TO EARTH	Rainbow
50	SHOWADDYWADDY'S GREATEST HITS 1976-78	Showaddywaddy
51	NEIL DIAMOND'S 20 GREATEST HITS	Neil Diamond
52	THE LONG RUN	The Eagles
53	A SINGLE MAN	Elton John
	SLOW TRAIN COMING	Bob Dylan
55	ROCK'N'ROLL JUVENILE	Cliff Richard
56	THE SINGLES 1974-78	The Carpenters
57	GREATEST HITS	Rod Stewart
	LIVE KILLERS	Queen
	ROCK'N'ROLL DISCO	Various Artists
60	MIDNIGHT MAGIC	The Commodores
61	NIGHT FLIGHT TO VENUS	Boney M
62	COUNTRY LIFE	Various Artists
63	WAR OF THE WORLDS	Jeff Wayne
64	LION HEART	Kate Bush
	OCEANS OF FANTASY	Boney M
66	52ND STREET	Billy Joel
67	MORNING DANCE	Spyro Gyra
68	THANK YOU VERY MUCH	Cliff Richard & The Shadows
69	THE BEST OF THE DOOLEYS	
70	BACK TO THE EGG	Wings
71	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Diana Ross
72	THE SPECIALS	
73	SOME PRODUCT	The Sex Pistols
74	AT THE BUDOKAN	Bob Dylan
75	REACH FOR IT	Sky
	TONIC FOR THE TROOPS	The Boomtown Rats
77	THE BILLIE SPEARS SINGLES ALBUM	
78	THE RAVEN	The Stranglers
79	FEEL NO FRET	Average White Band
80	STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT	UFO
81	LOVE SONGS	Elvis Presley
82	EVEN NOW	Barry Manilow
83	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Mantovani
84	MIDNIGHT HUSTLE	Various Artists
85	BAD GIRLS	Donna Summer
	WHATEVER YOU WANT	Status Quo
87	THIS IS IT	Various Artists
88	RICKIE LEE JONES	
89	HIGHWAY TO HELL	AC/DC
	SETTING SONS	The Jam
91	OUT OF THIS WORLD	The Moody Blues
92	ONE STEP BEYOND	Madness
93	DISCO INFERNO	Various Artists
94	DESOLATION ANGELS	Bad Company
	YOU DON'T BRING ME FLOWERS	Neil Diamond
96	INCANTATIONS	Mike Oldfield
97	EMOTIONS	Various Artists
98	RUST NEVER SLEEPS	Neil Young
99	NIGHT MOVES	Various Artists
100	COUNTRY PORTRAITS	Various Artists

Three albums tied for 9th place; two albums each tied for 44th, 47th, 53rd, 57th, 64th, 75th, 85th, 89th and 94th places.

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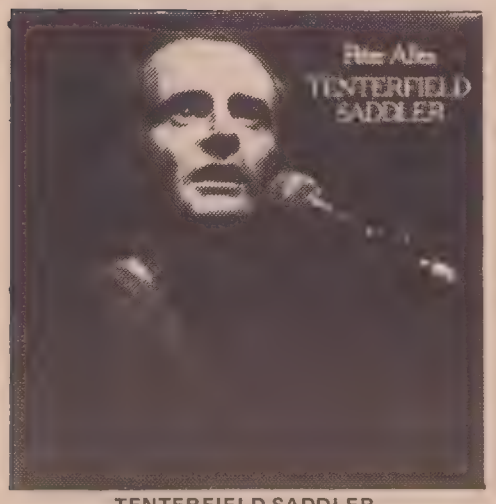

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Eco-artists beat the nukes?

VARIOUS ARTISTS No Nukes: The MUSE Concert For A Non-Nuclear Future (Asylum)

There are two notable aspects of this triple album, a distillation of five nights of music played at Madison Square Garden on September 29-23 last. One is musical and concerns Bruce Springsteen, by far the most exciting performer on the bill, who, for the first time on a record other than a bootleg, is appearing live in what many would consider his most appropriate milieu. The other is political, and a trifle contentious.

Musicians United For Safe Energy (MUSE) is a well-established group, apparently affiliated to consumer protection activists like Ralph Nader, dedicated to raising money for the anti-nuclear movement. Jackson Browne, Graham Nash, John Hall and Bonnie Raitt are four of its leading lights, and they assembled at the Garden a hefty number of like-minded artists. The profits from ticket sales were estimated at $750,000. A movie, directed by Haskell Wexler and Barbara Kepple, is allegedly on its way. And this concert album is expected to bring another $2 million to the cause.

Claiming they intend to control the finances themselves and keep out the recognised music business figures, the MUSE people seem to have avoided the pitfalls of earlier rock benefits, like the '71 *Concert For Bangladesh*, with Dylan and George Harrison, and the '76 Houston Astrodome gig for Hurricane Carter, which teamed Dylan again with Ringo Starr and, amongst other heavy musicians, Stevie Wonder. In both these cases profits dribbled away, either in overheads or through what may euphemistically be called wheeling and dealing, and since then no one has dared to stage their like - until *No Nukes*.

Equally, however, the MUSE concert was different from *Bangladesh* or *Carter* in that its organisers sought not merely to raise funds as an act of benevolence, but to convert their audience, in this instance to an anti-nuclear viewpoint. The impressive achievement of this album is its 16-page accompanying booklet, which cogently argues this point, backed up by a list of statistics and accounts of recorded disasters - foremost, of course, being the Three Mile Island furore, but also carefully implicating American authorities in the *"nuclear murder"* of Karen Silkwood.

No Nukes, however, does provide its own counter-argument. So many of the musicians who elected to play are so indelibly associated with hippie-dippy Californian Utopianism that hackles can start to rise as soon as you see the personnel listing. Yep, it's the clear-voiced, earnest throb of the Ecological Californian, the tasteful harmonies and well-executed musicianship punctuated, but naturally, by a sharp burst of saxophone (probably David Sanborn) to lend an illusion of real vitality; and why is it, that it's these people, rather than the committed musicians who live amidst the garbage dumps of the cities, who feel impelled to speak out? Is it that they have more to lose because of their pleasant surroundings?

In this context Bruce Springsteen seems anomalous. Although hardly a New Jersey slum-kid any more, he's hung onto his East Coast roots: both his persona and his music have retained the tough street glamour with which he began, and not even the romantic figure of Jackson Browne, with whom he duets on *Stay*, can totally diminish his stance. (Browne, it appears, co-opted him for the event).

The pity of this album is that Springsteen and the E Street Band, who headlined on two nights, are given only two tracks, and that neither should be new: it was reported at the time that he performed at least two originals, one of them, *Down To The River*, being about a crumbling working-class marriage. The compensation is that the second of his tracks should be the famous Mitch Ryder/ Detroit Medley, incorporating *Devil With The Blue Dress, Good Golly Miss Molly* and *Jenny Take A Ride*, which has only been available before on bootlegs. (Most remarkably on *There Ain't Nobody Here From Billboard Tonight*). With Danny Federici ringing the changes on organ, and Max Weinberg drumming more ferociously than any of his concert rivals, including Jim Keltner (the one musician on the album, incidentally, to have also played on *Bangladesh*), this is the only indispensable performance on *No Nukes*.

Would that it were the grit in the oyster that makes the pearl, but the rest of the album only confirms expectations of the performers.

I particularly liked Ry Cooder's solo feature, a rattletrap version of *Little Sister*, and Bonnie Raitt's heartfelt reading of John Prine's *Angel From Montgomery*, although her other choice of *Runaway* just confirms that she's a soulful singer in search of fresh material and the right direction.

Jackson Browne demonstrates the power of simplicity on the Sydney Carter song, *The Crow On The Cradle*, which he performs with Graham Nash and sympathetic fiddle accompaniment from David Lindley; when he avoids being winsome, he epitomises the delicacy and craft of the West Coast singer-songwriters, but his voice doesn't swing.

Not-so-bad is Tom Petty who performs the slow blues, *Cry To Me*, a mush-mouthed imitation of soul agony; or Poco's *Heart Of The Night*, which has some lusty interplay between Phill Kenzie on sax, Paul Cotton on lead and Rusty Young (as ever) on pedal steel. If you like that sort of thing, the Doobies are proficient at West Coast boogie, and on *Dependin' On You* there are the duelling guitars of John McFee and Patrick Simmons, who ably replaces Jeff Baxter.

The album being what it is, of course, there is plenty of sanctimonious claptrap around, most volubly from ex-Orleans guitarist and writer John Hall. *Plutonium Is Forever*, which he introduces as "sort of a Caribbean non-Nuke song", is schlock masquerading as irony, while *Power*, chosen to be the anthem of the festival, proves to be the real bomb of the event.

There is no need to expand upon the Nash/Taylor/Carly Simon version of *The Times They Are A-Changin'*, but Nash's own *Cathedral* (originally performed on the CSN album) is interesting: it's beautifully played and sung, but these qualities only decorate a theme that is too grand for his abilities - the manipulative power of the Church (*"Too many people have died in the name of Christ"* etc). His three songs with Stills and Crosby, moreover - *You Don't Have To Cry, Long Time Gone* and *Teach Your Children* - seem tired and stale, those distinctive harmonies recalling more adventurous times. I just about preferred them to Neil Young's *Lotta Love* (*"Gotta take a lotta love to change the way things are"*), as performed by the doubtless cute, but no less ordinary, Nicolette Larson: which, in turn, is preferable to Jesse Colin Young and his Family Of Man vibe (sic) on *Get Together* (*"Come on sing it with us now!"*).

Let's see, who does that leave? James Taylor, for one, who performs the expected *Mockingbird* with Carly, the rousing *Honey Don't Leave LA* (with the quintessential West Coast band of Wachtel, Sklar, Kunkel, Kortchmar and Grolnick), and a gentle acoustic number, *Captain Jim's Drunken Dream*, which is rum and bum without the concertina. Raydio's *You Can't Change That* is perfunktory. Phil Upchurch has a twinkling guitar solo on Chaka Khan's *Once You Get Started*, a competent piece. But the gospel number, *A Woman*, by the wonderfully-named Sweet Honey In The Rock, who are four black women, is too busy and fussy to have more than a technical interest. Finally, Gil Scott-Heron's *We Almost Lost Detroit*, a title taken from a nuclear tract of the same name. A half-good song, with its ominous medium tempo, the horn moaning behind the beat, and the cautionary lyric beginning *"Just 30 miles from Detroit they built a giant power station"*; yet Scott-Heron's delivery seems too smooth.

I wonder if he, like me, saw the irony of this album: that Madison Square Garden is owned by Gulf & Western, one of the biggest of all ecologically unconscious energy-brokers.

Michael Watts

JIMMY & THE BOYS Not Like Everybody Else (Avenue)

There's no getting away from it. They sound as if they've stepped out of the American Wild West, circa 1970. The full gamut of shock rock, from the rhythm section pumping out a heavy line, to zinging power chords, to singer Iggy Jones sounding like a fit, *passionate* Alice Cooper. The production mix, likewise, has a rough, raw quality that enhances the abrasive spirit of the songs. No smooth choirs or massed violins for these Boys, they spurt it out as fresh and vivid as a just broken blood capsule.

But while these Boys are rampaging down a well-worn shock rock highway, their concepts are nothing if not contemporary. Whereas, say, Cooper even in the prime of his nastiness delved straight into a movie *Monster From The Black Lagoon* fantasy world, Jimmy and The Boys' attitudes are straight from *Mad Max*, circa 1985. Stuff like wrapping a chain around a policeman's head and jerking it off, in *Cops Are Coming*. Or salivating over a sex shop supermarket's merchandise, in *Butchy Boys*, where Iggy insists: *"Cut me, whip me...you can't hurt enough of me."* In *Vampire Love* he has a girl with *"a face like Alice Cooper"*. In *Dr Cairo* everything will be all right when the sex operation is completed and his *"steaming thighs"* can be delivered from frustration.

The music too, while firmly rooted in the metal mould of things heavy that thump-thump on turntables, is by no means a gauche retread of 1970's best power chords. It's actually a deft mix of archetypal heavy rhythms and criss-crossing melodic inventiveness. The harmony and vocal arrangements, for instance, are often well precisioned, and ambitious, and while that rhythm section is pounding out the ol' necrophilia shock treatment, the horn section is dodging in and out with some of the hottest tasty licks this side of vile pleasures in the bedroom. Likewise, keyboards player Bill O'Riordan (aka *Joylene Hairmouth*) is an astonishing virtuoso, capable of mixing and matching hard rock with Bach and jazz figures.

As a stage act you either love 'em or hate 'em. That, or Iggy's patented double-jointed splits, audience harangues and doll-burning moves, leave you stone bored. Either way, very few other bands have an equal capacity for inspiring such vehement like, dislike or *ennui*.

This album though, stands apart from the stage show, revealing textured musical strength and agility that's more often camouflaged on stage.

Anthony O'Grady

CANNED ROCK (Alberts)

This album was recorded over three concerts put on last year by the Prisoners' Concert Committee at Sydney's Parramatta Jail, and proceeds from the sale will go to the International Year of the Child fund. It was recorded live by the ABC O.B. Unit with Keith Walker mixing, and features two tracks each from Dallimore, The Reels, Kevin Borich Express, Machine, Rose Tattoo and Feather. It's a great live album of contemporary Oz pub rock, as it is played in Sydney — very much a tough, guitar-oriented album, apart from The Reels (who still manage to come across strongly among the heavy metal purveyors). The basic unit is two or three guitars, bass and drums - the classic set-up. The emphasis is on heavy metal, and it's solid rock and roll beginning to end.

Dallimore open the set with a couple of originals, *Heartbreaker* (God know how many bands have written a *Heartbreaker*!) and *Long Distance Frog*. Well constructed melody lines, and inventive songwriting talent, despite the titles. By contrast, The Reels put the old Jim Capaldi song *Shame, Shame, Shame* through their tricky fairground rock machine so that it comes out as eclectic and hectic as their own *Wonder Why*, from their self-titled debut LP. Infectious stuff. KBE finish with yet another live version of *Snowball King*, and the knockout *Bell Hop Blues*, featuring some great basswork from Tim Partridge.

Side two opens with a relatively unknown young band (outside Sydney), *Machine*, who come across creditably. Then comes the

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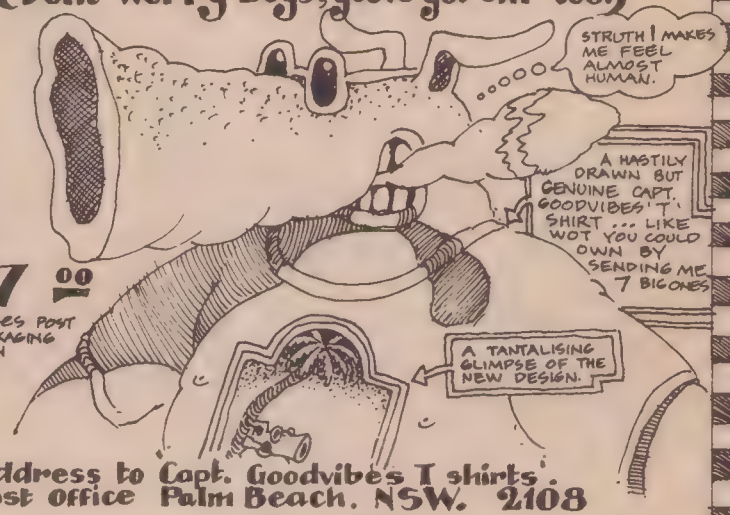
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perfect Prison Rock band, Rose Tattoo, with meaner-'n'-dirtier-than-ever versions of their headbangers *Bad Boy For Love* and *Rock'n'Roll Outlaw*, featuring some great slide from Peter Wells. Absolutely no subtlety, just straight-ahead rock'n'balls. Finishing off the set is Feather, traditional and proud heavy metallers who are getting bloody good at it, Stuart Fraser especially, maturing into a regular guitar hero. It's a fitting swansong for the band who, since vocalist Paul Green left, have been revamping their music. It's all macho-rock on *Canned Rock*. Big Bad beats for big bad boys.

Michael Smith

Pop goes the Weenybop

LEIF GARRETT
Same Goes For You
(Scotti Bros)
RACEY
Smash And Grab
(Rak)
SMOKIE
The Other Side Of The Road
(Rak)

Leif Garrett is blond and blue-eyed, with a body made to hang nice clothes on. When he smiles his teeth blaze like sunlight. His manufactured image stems directly from his almost androgynous appearance; it's also the selling point to his otherwise characterless music.

Producer Michael Lloyd, working for Mike Curb Productions, has stuck to the same formula he used so successfully with former pre-teen idol Shaun Cassidy. On the premise that young kids don't know old hits, Leif performs a string of old classics which on this latest album include Cole Porter's *Guilty*, Tim Hardin's *If I Were A Carpenter*, Barry Mann/Cynthia Weil's *Kicks* and even the old Gene Kelly song, *Singing In The Rain*.

Using unnamed session musicians, Lloyd has mixed a soft pop blend with Leif's softly adequate voice dominating over prominent guitars and generous servings of strings. Leif's young fans can dream to pleasant renditions of romantic, but classy tunes, and as a pre-teen pop album, this is one of the most successful.

English producer Mickie Most uses a slightly different tack for his creations. Most and songwriting team Chinnichap were instrumental in the successes of Suzi Quatro and most of the host of other glam-rockers who dominated the charts in the seventies. Rak Records discovers a sound, a formula, and then sticks to it, like Mortein (if you're on a good thing...)

For Racey, Most takes a four-four beat, and adds a bouncy, boppy combination of handclaps and organ, with yells and whoops thrown in for that extra party spirit.

To date, the formula has spawned three hits: the two Chinnichap songs - *Lay Your Love On Me* and *Some Girls* - plus the Macari-Ferris composition, *Boy Oh Boy*. Each of these singles are included on Racey's *Smash And Grab* album, plus even more potential singles which follow the same formula.

The album sleeve, like the band's film clips, is equally formulated with the band frozen in stylised Keystone Cop antics...All good, clean fun.

Last track on the album is Racey's anthem. Placed in a Queen-like wall of vocals, they cheerily sing:
"We are Racey and we're glad we've found a way to your hearts with music/We are Racey and we're yours..."

Aspirations to be the new Monkees aside, Racey's album does not work well because, put end to end, those bouncy singles sound monotonous and boring.

Smokie are a band derived from the same Most/Chinnichap stable but their latest album is a struggle to create an identity and credibility of their own. *The Other Side Of The Road* was recorded at Sydney's EMI Studios and features tracks written by the band's two emerging writing teams, Norman and Spencer and Silson and Uttley. Both teams dabble with several different styles as they search for one of their own. The album suffers in the process because unlike Garrett, they have no visual image to hold together their ecletic selection, and unlike Racey, no strong musical identity emerges. But then, a manufactured identity is what they are striving to escape from.

Some tracks fail miserably, dissolving into pretentious mush, although there are moments when everything meshes and Smokie arrive at a sound far more refreshing than anything they have previously recorded.

The album also proves without doubt the musical expertise of the musicians - several songs styled after the Beatles sound *uncannily* close to the originals.

Each of these three albums is bound to rub the older listener (over 15) the wrong way, either for their unfeeling versions of once meaningful classics, for their supermarket-like concepts and packaging, or their overworked, unrealistic sentiments. But that's not likely to lose many of the younger fans. Aged derision has, and always will, add to the attraction for the younger rebellious generation.

Miranda Brown

SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES
The Jukes
(Mercury - Polygram)

New label, new producer, new writers...with their fourth album, The Jukes have made a determined break for the success that seems to have eluded them despite the esteen of many critics. Hopefully, they'll get it - it takes a lot of guts to keep an 11-piece band together in these perilous times. And although some of those fond critics have already started moaning "They were better in the old days", to me this is their most consistently satisfying record, though none of the material quite matches the best cuts on its predecessor, *Heart Of Stone*.

In the absence of the writing and production contribution from Miami Steve Van Zandt (Bruce Springsteen's guitarist), the band has looked within itself for material, eschewing even the R&B covers that made them famous. Guitarist Billy Rush wrote most of the album, with help from bass player Allan Berger and Southside Johnny. The theme is Living in the Real World: dull jobs forgotten momentarily in nightclubs, the grinding down of strength and generosity by Life In General, unsentimental heartache...And you can dance to it.

'Cause Southside Johnny & The Asbury Jukes have always been a *great* dance band, and the cleaning up of their recorded sound has taken nothing away. The rhythm section stays tight and simple, leaving plenty of room for the lovely five-piece horn section. There's a subtle but unmistakable difference between horns that are an integral part of a band, and one-off studio sections: these songs have been written with these guys in mind. And Southside Johnny himself... He's got a lotta heart, he's up there with Bruce Springsteen and Graham Parker in the Urgent Conviction stakes, though as yet he hasn't as much to say. Look forward to the next offering.

Greg Taylor

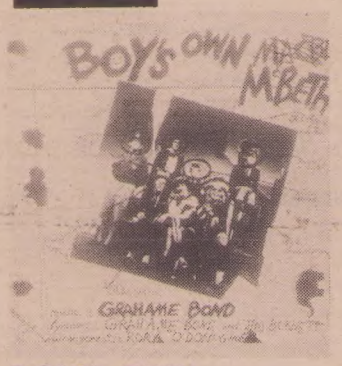
BETTE MIDLER
The Rose (film soundtrack)
(Atlantic)

The soundtrack of the movie was recorded live in concerts last year, in the same way Streisand did for *A Star Is Born*. The difference is, Bette is great! Wipes the floor with Streisand's effort, simply because she is the rock singer Streisand wanted to be in that film.

In the movie, Bette portrays a Janis Joplin-type character, but on record it's not Joplin rock-blues she sings but that incredible '60s style Atlantic blues-soul, that was the territory of people like Otis Redding, Sam Cooke and Aretha Franklin. The audiences have an uncanny (sic) ability to produce the right responses on cue, but technically, the sound is great, due to a magnificent band of session pros including Steve Hunter and Danny Weis on guitars. Some of the film's dry wit monologues are included, notably the corny/sarcastic intro to *When A Man Loves A Woman* that strings together some of the crasser lines and song titles that have come out of American popular music into a savage-humoured putdown of a woman's expected role, and the pop idea of love.

Side two features a different line up of musos and a bit more blues in *Love Me With A Feeling*. Then back to *The Rose* concert for some more big, brassy soul with the instrumental *Camellia*, followed by a weepy intro to *Stay With Me*. This one *could* have been Joplin...the voice is tearing itself apart. All very poignant stuff, and Bette Midler can cover it all, from laughter to tears. The album finishes with Bette accompanied by just piano and a harmony voice on the title track, a beautifully understated song.

Michael Smith



BOY'S OWN McBETH
(Dunsinane Records)

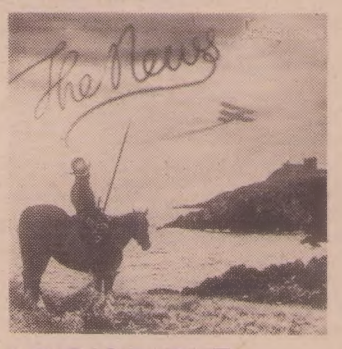
"Ya had to be there"

Like many a soundtrack of a comedy stage-musical, the effect of this record is severely lessened if you haven't seen the show: there's nary a hint of a synopsis, and natch, all the wonderful sight-gags are lost. Roll on video discs! Soon, not only Sydneysiders will be able to fully appreciate this real funny rock show, as it inevitably goes interstate (and even overseas, according to rumour).

The recording was made during major transitions, involving cast changes and a shift to a much larger venue. Fortunately, the album retains the singing and playing of Rory O'Donoghue, the now departed musical director; but the production feel is that of the small, 'intimate' Kirk Gallery - whereas the show is now a full-on, big PA rock presentation. Still, the bones are there - sufficient to judge the musical creation of Grahame Bond, and its execution by the cast. Some of the numbers are lyrically top-heavy, but there's enough catchy and poignant themes - *Good Old Schoolboy Days, No Friends, Pinapple Princess*, and *We Are The Boys* - to make one play the record over. O'Donoghue, Liz Wilder and Paul Johnstone stand out as singers, there's a couple of good ensembles, and everyone plays their instruments as competently as they do on stage.

In the end, remember that this is a brave, original musical whose cast of seven are all musicians *and* actors: it's an honest portrait of B.O.McB. as she was.

Greg Taylor



LINDISFARNE
The News
(Mercury)

This is the second outing from one of the most unique and entertaining North Country English bands of the seventies since their reformation in 1977.

With this album, they carry on their combination of English and American folk rock style originals. They're mostly by Alan Hull, although there are good songs from bassist Rod Clements and harmonica-player extraordinaire Ray Jackson, and a very witty piece by multi-instrumentalist Si Cowe, *Dedicated Hound*, about a jaded rock journo (aren't we all supposed to be?), *"the ligger with a trigger"*, who makes, breaks and creates trends, or so the deluded soul seems to believe. Cute. The bulk of the rest of the songs are more in the love song mould, less insipid than most, the standout being Hull's bluesy *Evening*. And if you think this band of old-wavers has nothing for you, listen to the now all too painfully plausible *1983*:
"The Russians are comin',
I can feel it in my piss...
Better break out a bottle make a toast to the past
If it don't taste like vodka you gotta make it last."
(1983)

All round, it's a real pleasure to have more Lindisfarne. My one regret is that they seem to have lost their sense of humour. I could have wished for a few more like *Meet Me On The Corner, We Can Swing Together* and *Fog On The Tyne*.

A. Brummie

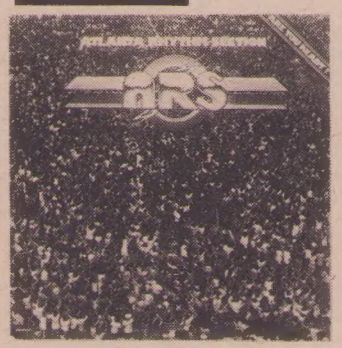
YOUNG MODERN
Play Faster
(Local Label)

Young Modern used to write great songs. *Play Faster* is a collection of studio demos, except for *Automatic* and *She's Got The Money* which were an independent single release in late '78. Young Modern's influences were firmly based in the jingle-jangle rock/pop breakthrough of the '60s. There are songs here that sound like raw early Stones, songs that come across with the electric eclecticism of Donovan's *Hurdy Gurdy* period. Head Mod John Dowler has a neat precise voice that reflects, never belts through a song. It's wonderful what he can do with his all-purpose sly mournful wail that equally registers teenage angst (*She Wants To Be A Singer*), or encouragement to have a good time (*The Big Beat*), or pointed parody (*Countdown*).

The demo tape quality is good enough to actually cast

the more carefully produced *She's Got The Money* into the shade, and *if only* (Gawd knows how many 'if onlys' there are in the history of Good Bands Who Never Made It...). Nevertheless - if only Young Modern had consistently produced the totally effective, understated, tight excellence of *Play Faster* when they were making or breaking it around Sydney in 1979, they'd have taken the city by storm, instead of breaking up. *('Play Faster' is an independent release that can be obtained for the very reasonable price of $5.99 from import stores in major cities. Or, from the Local Label, PO Box 45, Doonside, NSW 2767).*

Anthony O'Grady



ATLANTA RHYTHM SECTION
Are You Ready? (Polygram)

Are y'all ready for some good ol' routine Southern boogie, dragged out over four sides by a paunchy substitute for the Allman Brothers, complete with endless harmony and lead guitar solos over very repetitive piano clomping? If you are, this double album is for you...y'all.

Except you've probably got a few ARS records already, and since *Are You Ready?* is a live album, there's nothing really new in the way of tracks, and the sound quality is nothing startling (despite the fact that a fair bit of overdubbing has taken place). Some of their big successes - *Champagne Jam, Doraville, Imaginary Lover* etc - a couple of slower, earnestly pretty numbers like *Conversation* and *Georgia Rhythm*; the odd funk feel (*So Into You*)... The rest, as historians say, is boogie.

Occasionally some of the lead work of Barry Bailey and J.R. Cobb reaches boiling point, and Paul Goddard, fattest and fastest Rickenbacker in the West, does a raving bass solo in *Another Man's Woman*. But basically, if this is how The South Is Gonna Rise Again, they'd be better off whistling Dixie.

Greg Taylor

IAN MATTHEWS
Siamese Friends (Polygram)

Ian Matthews is one of that band of English artists that includes the likes of Gerry Rafferty and John Martyn, who consistently put out fine, thoughtful music that usually passes unnoticed by the majority of record buyers. None of these artists has been the recipient of the usual heavy-handed push, so that they remain, usually, minor league, collecting the aficionado rather than the fan dollar. There is, occasionally, the one-off hit that takes everyone by surprise, like the Sutherland Brothers' *Sailin'* or Rafferty's *Baker St*, or Matthews own minor hit of last year, *Gimme An Inch Girl*. But after that, the boys seem to promptly slip back into obscurity, by refusing to chase the dollar and cash in by singing the same song over a dozen variations, till they can retire to the Bahamas.

Matthews has always taken an eccentric route, though his material is consistently good, by dropping out of anything that could become restrictive. So, after two and a half years with Fairport Convention, he split to form Southern Comfort, from whom he split because he had a hit with a soft rock version of *Woodstock*. Then a short-lived band, Plainsong, and a largely obscure solo career marked by a trail of great and forgotten albums. He almost disappeared in LA bland but with his last album, *Stealin' Home*, he was back in England and he finally seems to have got himself together.

He is a soft voiced, sensitive singer/songwriter with a remarkable ability to pick material that he can interpret with a very individual, consummate artistry, so that Stevie Nicks' song *Crying In The Night* comes across with as much freshness as his own excellent *Hearts On The Line*, both totally different feels. He moves easily from soft rock through some very tasteful funk (*Survival*) to ballads like *Home Somewhere*, while still remaining distinctly Ian Matthews. I don't suppose it's got much to say to the '80s or the kids in the traps, but Matthews deserves more attention than he is likely to get from this offering. He really is one of the best men-who-never-made-its around.

Michael Smith

TH' DUDES
Right First Time (Big Mouth)

Th' Dudes are an astonishingly vibrant NZ group. Not astonishing because they come from NZ; astonishing because it's a rare debut album that comes up this fresh and inventive.

It's the songs that make it for Th' Dudes. A wavering, quavering, tremulous hookline quivering above a watery, echoing guitar in *That Look In Your Eyes*. Or the rock-orchestral, stately ascent of *Stop Crying* that builds into a panoramic vastness of sound, with astute arrangement of unadorned guitar/keyboard/bass/drums/vocal harmonies.

Or the jaunty bounce of *Right First Time* that captures the band's ability to rock smoothly without blanding into a pop stereotype. Th' Dudes' songs and arrangements are strong and striking enough to suggest there are substantial skills within the group. They also tend, occasionally, to hang onto a fulsome arrangement till they squeeze the thing to death (as on *There You Are*), and there are times when an up vibe needs to be injected into their procession of medium to slow tempos. Even so, right now they have the sort of song ideas that are indeed right first time.

Anthony O'Grady

IAN GILLAN
Mr Universe (Interfusion)

The question is, can the greatest Deep Purple vocalist come back, with voice *and* spirit intact.

Gillan's first excursions after his post Purple lay-off years were respected, but uneven, jazz rock pastiches. *Mr Universe* extends his partnership with keyboard player Colin Towns to encompass hard rock, as only Purple *used* to play it - a rampaging clean machine, heavy as a tractor, fast as a Jensen. There are tough mean growlers like *Vengeance*, there are galloping blood curdlers like *Roller*. There are orchestral flourishes like *Street Theatre*. Colin Towns sounds, sometimes, a lot like Jon Lord, only less portentous and a lot more vital. And guitarist Bernie Torme doesn't mind whipping out a few Ritchie-riffs either.

But there's a spirit of adventure here that Purple, in their prime, totally lacked. Even as this Ian Gillan Band harks back to the glories of old, they don't debase or disgrace them. And that's important.

Derek Johnson

CAROLYNE MAS
Carolyne Mas (Polygram)

1980 is already being touted as the year of the female rock singer; record companies are rumoured to be waving pens at anything that doesn't shave more than once a week. Carolyne Mas comes attended with a fair bit of New York PR ballyhoo - switchboards deluged after first ten seconds of demo tape put to air, etc, etc - and there was considerable interest as we dropped the needle on her.

Yes, she can sing, and yes, she can rock, though both in a rather careful fashion. Apparently Ms Mas received classical voice training from an early age, and some of her OOH...AHS are more Madame Butterfly than The Shirelles; but she's got the beat, and occasionally a wonderful Bonnie Raitt-style wail to go with it.

And she writes a pretty fair song. As Bruce Springsteen knows, there are rich lodes to be mined somewhere between the romances of rock'n'roll and the realities of New Wave: the arrangements and the band sound comes just down the road from E Street (and her band leader, guitarist David Landau, just happens to be the brother of Springsteen's producer). But there's nothing derivative about her words. Personal songs...magic, but not mythic, relationships...not much pain, but no gooey happy cliches either.

A good debut for man, woman, or child - hope the next record keeps all of this, while gaining confidence enough to loosen up a bit.

Greg Taylor

TEXAS
Reel To Reel (Infinity)

One thing you have to give these guys, they love every minute of what they're doing and that sincerity and effervescent exuberance really makes them an exciting live band. With all that energy, it would have been absurd to record them in the sterility of a recording studio. That energy has earned them, in Melbourne at least, the tag "New Wave Boogie", and that just about sums up where they're at. This is boogie for the '80s.

They're also, now, no slouches at songwriting, with *Confessions Of A Kleptomaniac* and, especially, *Sweden*, which uses sending porn back to Sweden as an example of resisting overseas exploitation of Australia. *I Won't Say No* is Max Veller's statement on the Afterlife.

Musically, it's boogie, with some R&B creeping in. The emphasis is on the interplay between the three guitarists. Mostly it works fine, but some things just don't come across from the stage, eg, the drawing out of the first single *Good Morning* and the ending rave-up on the ZZ Top classic *La*

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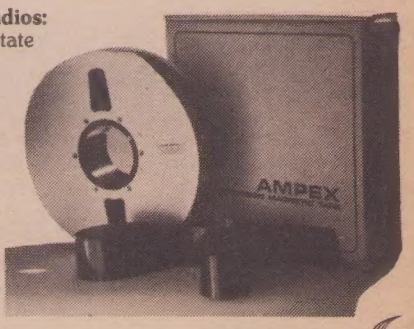

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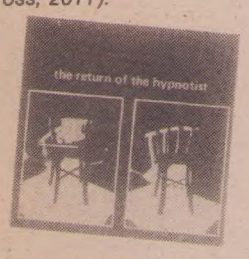
Grange (the obvious initial influence on the band).
Michael Smith

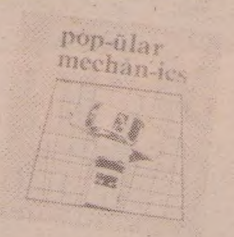
singles

XL CAPRIS: City Of Sydney/ Dead Budgie (Axle): Debut outing from Sydney's chicest, most consistently artistic *and* loony band. XL Capris are sort of Theatre Of The Absurd, sort of punk rudimentary, sort of slyly clever and nutter manic, at the same time. *My City* is the closing theme for Sydney's Channel 7. As done by smoocher Tommy Lecnetti on video, it was obviously designed as the answer to *I Left My Heart In San Francisco*. As done by XL Capris it's a perverse stamping on an old standard. The shock value is equivalent to The Damned's job on the Beatles' *Help*. *Dead Budgie* is more in line, a berserk criss-cross of rumble-guitar, sound effects and harmony vocal interjections. *(Axle Records, 202/84 Macleay St, Kings Cross, 2011).*



THE APARTMENTS: The Return Of The Hypnotist (EP) (Able Lable): '60s pop style "produced in a typical lacklustre '60s style", as it notes on the reviewer's bumpf-sheet. And it is. Gauchely mixed vocals, spread thickly over distant guitar and rhythm section. Given that drawback and a corresponding lack of vitality of band performance, the whole thing rests on whether the songs themselves are any good, which they are. Doomy verses about people in search of love and life. Three songs: *Help, Nobody Like You* and *Refugee*. Best construction, arrangement and production is on *Refugee*.
DENNIS WILSON: Bobby And The Space Invader/Runaway (Regular): Boy meets Space Invader machine and it's instant love! Forsakes pinball and starts playing with electronics. It's a true story, happening all over the world, and it's happening for Dennis Wilson too, for this is an immaculately clever and pacey record. A beautiful, racing mixture of Space Invader effects and zinging guitar lines. And he sings good too. Fresh, inventive re-emergence by one of the longest-term guitar aces in Australia. Computer perfect production from Charles Fisher. The flip, *Runaway*, is Wilson showing that Kevin Borich wasn't alone when he mastered the blues-rock form. But *Bobby* is a Shoot Again, Double Bonus score.
MENTAL AS ANYTHING: Possible Theme For A Future TV Drama Series/Typical Romance (Regular): The Mentals are this year's sheerly wonderful thing. It's because they combine extremes so well. Fag-drooping blase and passionately romantic all at once. Sardonic and cultist and seemingly, laconic, it's still impossible not to tap your feet and have a real good time. They've got bounce, melody, wryness and pace. They've got a tinny organ underlining every point they make and the guitar work is fluid harmony. *Possible Theme* is a more clever construction than *The Nips Are Getting Bigger*, though not as rousing. *Typical Romance* is wry kiss-off to a love affair. Sorta down, but still jaunty, with a mighty guitar break.
A.O'G.

ROSE TATTOO: Realise Legalise/COL PATERSON - Bong On Aussie (MPO): Premier heavy metal band reverts to horrible Chain imitation. Sweet, reggaefied and bloody awful. Banal lyrics over boring music. If this is meant to incite interest in the marijuana issue, there's no hope of getting the laws repealed. As for *Bong On Aussie*, it's another example of dated banality. Sounds a little better...if you got into Rod Stewart's *Georgie*.
THE KEVINS: And So We Meet/Out At Night (Missing Link): *And So We Meet* is perfect pap for your local Beautiful Music station. Funky, polite, lots of Henry Mancini Plays Age Of Aquarius type sax. B-side shows slight improvement with highly produced rockabilly intro and slight taste of humour. Not for rock'n'roll enthusiasts. *(Missing Link, c/- PO Box 5199 AA GPO, Melbourne Vic.)*



POPULAR MECHANICS: From Here To Obscurity EP (Flamingo Road/Fatal Slip/Gee Why/Nightmares) (Double-think): Sydney band with a neat line in graphics and jagged pop. About as warm and emotive as a meat hook and almost as sharp. Bring on the revival with slices of farfisa organ mixed into shades of the Vibrators. Poor production but catchy. *(Doublethink, c/- PO Box 403, Darlinghurst 2010).*
THE SPUTNIKS: Second Glance/Our Boys: Marvellous out of tune intros that dissolve into murky mid-tempos. No light and shade, just a feeling of late sixties Oz psychedelia without equivalent quirky production.
LITTLE MURDERS: Take Me I'm Yours/Things Will Be Different (Au-Go-Go): Great hard pop with pseudo English vocals from Rob Griffiths. Brash rock'n'roll love songs (as if there aren't enuff already) over an uncompromising beat.

THE BOYS NEXT DOOR: Hee Haw (EP) (Missing Link): Their music is about as pretty as a shot of bad speed on a tequila hangover. Inaccessible, bizzare, twisted, occasionally chaotic and totally off the wall. This five track EP is their first release since *Door Door*, their brilliant debut album. Since then, they've moved into even more abstract pastures. The songwriting of both Nick Cave and Rowland Howard has become more simplified, embellished with the sounds of crazed aural paranoia rather than the emotive passages that oozed off the second side of *Door Door*. The basic superstructure of the songs has been decimated and all that's left is jagged piles of rubble, twisted beams and splintered glass. Regarded as possibly Australia's most innovative new band, they've surpassed themselves this time and in so doing, have passed up any chance of gaining mainstream recognition. *(Missing Link, 247 Collins Street, Melbourne 3000).*
A.McM.

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Greg Taylor

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Annie Burton

Don't Mess With
Andrew McMillan

Switchblade Scalpel
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Jenny Hunter-Brown
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tours

Gillian Eastoe
January
25 Doyalson RSL
26 Bexley Nth
27 Governors Pleasure
28 Governors Pleasure
February
2 Denison Hotel
8 Governor Bourke

Mi-Sex
February
1 Jet Club
2 Cloudlands
8 Bondi Lifesaver

Class
Jan 25-Feb 3 Jet Club, Bris
February
4 Casino RSL
5 Plantation, Coffs Harb.
6 Crescent Head Country Club
7 Newcastle
8 Florida Hotel

Vixen
January
26 Metropole Tavern
29 The Auburn
31 Stranded
February
1 Skyways Rest K'toomba
7 Comb'n'Cutter
8 Governors Pleasure

The Shots
January
25 Railway Hotel, L'pool
26 Maroubra Bay Hotel
28 Sefton Hotel
February
1 Tropicana, Wilberforce
2 Bayview Hotel
6 Astra Hotel, Bondi
8 Tropicana, Wilberforce

Streetlevel
January
25 Blacktown RSL
26 Railway Hotel, L'pool
30 Forest Inn
31 Selinas, Coogee
February
1 Fairfield Hotel
2 Tropicana, Wilberforce
4 Sefton Hotel
6 Enfield Boulevard
8 Fairfield Hotel

Outline
January
25 Bondi Lifesaver
26 Family Hotel
27 Doyalson RSL
28 Bexley Nth
30 Civic Hotel
February
1 Vicar of Wakefield
6 Civic Hotel
7 Selinas
8 Sylvania Hotel

Laughing Clowns
Thurs. Metropole Tavern

Matt Finish
January
25 Manly Vale, early Stagedoor, late
26 Hunters Humpy
28 Civic Hotel
29 Pleasures, Kogarah
31 Forest Inn, Bexley
February
1 Newcastle
2 Plantation Hotel, Coffs
3 Lismore RSL
4-6 Jet Club, Coolangatta

Ayers Rock
January
25 Bellview Hotel Tuncurry
26 Graham Park, Gosford
27 Hunters Humpy
February
2 Shortland Rock N'castle
4 Mt Pleasant Sports

The Angels
January
25 Village Green, Melb
26 Arkaba, Adel
27 Arkaba, Adel
29 Grange Hotel Campbelltown
30 Blacktown RSL
February
1 Sylvania Hotel
2 Stagedoor Tavern
3 Parramatta Leagues

Cold Chisel
January
25 Manly Vale Hotel
26 Selinas
27 W'gong Leagues
30 Cpt Cook Hotel C'berra
31 Council Club, Melb
February
1 Village Green, Melb
2 Kingston Rock, Melb
3 Soverdign Hotel, Melb

Cyril B. Bunter
25 Blacktown RSL
26 Sylvania Hotel
28 Strata Motor Inn
31 Jolly Frog, Windsor
February
1 Pickled Parrot
2 Railway Hotel, L'pool
3 Devonshire Rock
7 Heritage Hotel, Kings X
8 Vicar of Wakefield

Flowers
February
1 Stagedoor Tavern
2 Royal Antler
3 Brighton Hotel
8 Sylvania Hotel
9 Stardust Hotel

Mondo Rock
January
29 Governors Pleasure
30 Dapto Leagues
31 Jolly Frog Inn, Windsor
February
1 Caringbah Inn
2 Strata Motor Inn, early Bondi Lifesaver, late
3 Penrith Leagues

In X-S
January
25 Stardust Hotel
27 W'gong Leagues
29 Ambassador, N'castle
30 Governors Pleasure
February
1 Bondi Lifesaver, early Sylvania Hotel, late
2 Brighton Hotel
6 Strata Motor Inn
7 Bondi Lifesaver
8 Maroubra Bay Hotel

Numbers
January
25 Bayview Tavern
26 Manly Vale Hotel, early Caringbah, late
27 Devonshire Rock
29 Civic Hotel
February
5 Civic Hotel
7 Maroubra Bay
8 Doyalson RSL

The 88's
January
25 Sylvania Hotel
26 Salamander hotel
27 Astra Hotel, Bondi
30 Maroubra Hotel
31 Belmont Life Saving
February
1 Sylvania Hotel
2 Governors Pleasure
6 Maroubra Bay Hotel
8 Caringbah Inn

Hitmen
January
25 Strata Motor Inn
26 Manly Vale Hotel
27 Penrith Leagues
February
2 Brighton Hotel

Popular Mechanics
January
26 Royal Antler
31 Belmong Life Saving
February
2 Royal Antler

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